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THE OLD BROWN DRESS.

My old brown dress, my old brown dress,
You're past the days of usefulness;
And I remember with a sigh
How fast the days and years go by.
You've been a friend so tried and true,
It is so long since you were new,
That scarce a tear I can suppress
To say good-by, my old brown dress.

Poor old brown dress, poor old brown dress,
You've many wrongs, but no redress;
You've learned (like many more, no doubt)
To always wear your "best side out."
But now, alas! 'tis all in vain;
You'll basque in sunshine ne'er again;
You're trimmed with fringe—that's not enough,
I'll give you still this parting puff.

A varied life you've had, old dress,
For many times you've gone to press,
Been mended, turned and ripped apart.
Have known the skilled dressmaker's art.
And once you dyed, but looked so new
That no one near me knew 't was you,
While doubtless you "laughed in your sleeve"
To see how color could deceive.

Dear old brown dress, dear old brown dress,
I smooth your folds with tenderness,
So much has happened since the time
I wore you in your lustrous prime.
The treasured friends who knew me then
Have passed beyond "our mortal ken."
I call them, but they do not come;
Their hearts are cold, their lips are dumb.

And now good-by, old threadbare dress,
How long I've worn you none can guess.
You'll now be laid upon the shelf,
Just as I soon must be myself.
I'm but a speck upon the tide—
The human stream is deep and wide—
And yet I know whate'er befall
A watchful Father sees it all.

—[New York Star.

TWO KISSES.

"Madam, will you give me something to eat?"

"Something to eat?" repeated the lady, a kind-looking matron of about thirty-five, who had come to the door on seeing a stranger approach, and cast a quick comprehensive glance over his person and attire.

"Oh, yes," she added. "Come in."

"Who is it, mamma?" asked a little eager voice, as a pretty child of six summers came from an inner room.

"Only a poor man, dear, who wants something to eat," replied the lady.

"There, sir," she continued, placing a well-filled tray upon the table. "Sit down and help yourself."

The stranger obeyed.

A few words would have told his story. The only child of wealthy parents, Ralph Wentworth had lived to the age of twenty in ease and luxury.

He had graduated with a fair record from college, but with no marked proclivities for any art or calling, save the very agreeable and congenial one of enjoying the good things of life.

Within a week after the brilliant festivities that had celebrated his majority, his father had fallen dead in the street from a paralytic stroke, leaving the family penniless.

In a week more his mother had sunk to the grave; and the petted indulged boy was left to face the world alone, with no resources save the few pounds that remained of his father's birthday gift.

With the first shock of bereavement over, friends clustered around him, ready to advise and eager to assist in the spending of his little patrimony.

That once gone, his friends went also.

Ralph made a few ineffectual efforts to obtain some employment.

But where the heir of prospective thousands had been met with smiles and affability, the impecunious young man now encountered supercilious looks and incredulous shrugs.

Finally, filled with misanthropic disgust against these summer friends, he had resolved to quit England, and go he cared not where.

On the morning after coming to this decision, while glancing aimlessly over a paper, his eye fell upon an item describing the discovery of gold in California.

In an instant his resolve was formed. He would go there.

If his strength gave out before the goal was reached, so much the better; no one would care, no one would miss him.

It was in this mood that he had made his first request for a meal, for the last few pennies of his slender funds had tonight him a meagre dinner the day before.

And as he now sat eating, a sudden rush of emotion came over him, and forced a sigh from his lips.

"What makes you feel so bad?"

The little earnest voice, breaking in upon his painful reverie, aroused him with a start.

Seated in a little rocker, which she was gently swaying to and fro, with her hands folded in her lap, and her sweet wistful eyes fixed with a searching yet sympathetic gaze upon him, was the child whose presence he had entirely forgotten.

Her mother had left the room temporarily, and he had thought himself alone.

"Why do you think I feel bad, little one?"

"Because your face looks so sad, and you don't eat anything hardly; and you almost cried just now," replied the little creature; "don't you feel happy?"

"Not very happy, child—that is a fact."

And another sigh finished the sentence.

"Are you a bad man?" was the next question.

A half smile parted Ralph's pale lips.

"Why do you ask me that?" he responded.

"Because mamma says that people—real good people, I mean—are always happy, and that they only feel sad when they do something wrong."

"I suppose mamma is right," said Ralph, sighing. "And yet I am not a bad man, little one; only a foolish one."

"I am foolish sometimes, and a little bad, too," said the little creature, shaking her head with a serious air. "And then mamma tells me to sit down in my chair and think about it; and by-and-by I feel very sorry, and look sad like you do now. Don't you feel sorry you was so foolish?"

"Indeed I do, my child," said the young man with involuntary earnestness. "But tell me," he added, interested by her artless prattle, "what do you do then?"

"I tell mamma how sorry I am; and then she kisses me, and I feel better. "Haven't you got any mamma or any friends to kiss you?"

"No, little one. My mother is dead, and my friends are all gone."

The child pondered for a moment.

"That is too bad!" she exclaimed. Then she added:

"Will it make you feel better if I kiss you?"

"Yes, I think so. I am sure it will."

"Well, I will kiss you."

And, rising from her chair, the child stepped to his side and kissed him.

"Now you won't be foolish any more, will you?" she asked.

"Indeed I will try not to be!" was the earnest answer. "God bless you, little one! That is the sweetest kiss I have had since my mother died! How I wish I had a dear little friend like you."

"I will be your friend," said the child. "And wait a moment, I will get you something."

Darting away from his side, she felt the room, returning in a few minutes with a small parcel in her hand.

"See here," she said, opening it upon his knee. "Papa had my picture taken on some cards the other day, and he gave me this one to do just what I pleased with. He wrote my name on it: 'Maude Evelyn Granger.'

"I will give it to you, and when you look at it you can think of your little friend, and that she wants you to be good."

"But will your mamma let you give this to me?" asked Ralph with some misgiving.

"Oh yes! I asked her just now. I told her I wanted to give you something to make you feel happy, and she said, 'Very well, dear.' Now you'll have one friend, won't you?"

"Yes," said the young man, taking her soft little hand in his. "And if I should come back again some of these days, and tell you that I have been real good, and not foolish any more, will you kiss me again?"

"To be sure I will!"

At that moment the returning footsteps of the lady were heard and Ralph arose, hat in hand.

"I thank you kindly, madam, for your hospitality," he said.

He pressed little Maude's hand in a close, lingering clasp, raised his hat to his benefactress, and left the house.

* * * * *

Five years had passed, finding Ralph Wentworth still working as a common laborer at the mines.

Every evening when his work was ended, he would wander off to some secluded spot, then drawing a little package from his pocket, gaze long and earnestly at the pictured face it contained.

Frugal, abstemious, and self-denying as a hermit, his life appeared to have in it little to envy. But he had a goal before his mental vision of which they knew nothing—a goal to the attainment of which every dollar of his hard-earned wages, every energy of his life, were devoted.

Although apparently lost to the world without, Ralph was not forgotten.

One day a letter came for him; a thick cumbrous-looking envelope, directed in a large sprawling hand.

In the solitude of his little cell-like room, he opened it, and his pale cheek flushed with a look that was ecstasy.

Then passed ten years more.

* * * * *

The brilliantly lighted parlors of Mrs. Remington's handsome mansion were filling fast with guests, when the hostess came forward to welcome a new comer—a lovely girl of twenty years, who was entering, accompanied by a gentleman, evidently her father.

"Good evening, my dear Maude!" she exclaimed, with a rapturous little squeeze of her hand. "I have delightful news for you—and all the other marriageable young ladies who will be here to-night," with a gay laugh.

"I am to have among my guests tonight no less a person than Mr. Wentworth, that elegant young man—I call him young, for he is only thirty-five—, who has been winning so many laurels.

"He's a splendid-looking man, they say, and immensely rich—owns mining property. He is home for a short visit, and I've secured him for to-night. I will be sure to secure you an introduction to him."

"Do," replied Maude, smiling. Then she passed on to another part of the room.

Half an hour later there was a slight bustle at the door, and a ripple of expectancy among the guests.

Maude, who happened to be standing where she had a view of the entrance, perceived a tall elegant gentleman bending over the hand of Mrs. Remington.

At the next moment he raised his head to glance over the company, and their eyes met.

Was it fancy, or did a fleeting emotion cross his face—a look of surprise, almost glad, light up his fine eyes?

Maude was sure she had never met him before, and yet, as she returned his gaze for a moment, a feeling as of a half-forgotten memory came over her.

Twenty minutes later, as Maude stood conversing with her partner, Mrs. Remington's voice greeted her ear:

"Maude, my love, Mr. Wentworth wishes to be introduced to you;" and looking up, she encountered again the earnest gaze of the handsome stranger.

A request for the next dance followed the introduction; then a promenade; and then, almost before she was aware, Mr. Wentworth had secured all the disengaged dances on her card.

His conversation, animated, varied, fluent, had at the same time a certain undercurrent of deep, even intense feeling, that lent a strange charm to his most commonplace words, and sent a thrill to the very heart of the fair girl.

It seemed as if there existed a kindred chord between them—a chord long silent, yet living still, and which thrilled with every vibration of his voice, making her feel, ere that short evening was past, as if he had been a friend of years—a loved and valued friend—rather than a stranger on whom she was meeting for the first time.

Mr. Wentworth learned, in the course of their conversation, that Miss Granger was spending the winter in the city, being on a visit to some relatives; and he further asked and obtained permission to call upon her.

He did call, many times; and at length, one evening, he said in the course of a long and earnest conversation:

"Miss Granger, ever since our acquaintance began, I have been wanting to tell you a story. Let me tell it now."

Drawing his chair closer to where she sat, Ralph Wentworth began a tale with most of which the reader is familiar. Then, continuing, he said:

"One day there came to that young man a letter containing the notice of a bequest of four thousand pounds from a distant relative, lately deceased.

"The money, with what he had saved in those five years, completed the purchase of a claim that was the beginning of his fortune. Step by step he mounted the ladder of life once more, until he gained commanding wealth, influence, friends, and, better than all, a clear and honorable record.

"At last he came back to his native city, to find her who had been his good angel all those years.

"Perhaps she had forgotten the man to whom her sweet childish sympathy had been a talisman and a blessing, for he had not even told her his name; but something whispered to him that he would find her again—and find her heart-free.

"Maude," he continued, taking the hand that trembled in his clasp, "through all those years that innocent kiss of a warm affectionate heart has lain pure upon my lips, the solace of my lonely life. Temptations I had many, but that little face was present with me always. I could not look into those pure eyes and sin!

"On the day when her little hand pointed out the way to a better life, she promised that if I came back again, and could say to her that I had tried to do my duty, to be a good and useful man, she would kiss me again. I have kept my faith; have earnestly striven to retrieve youthful folly that had not yet become vice.

"And now will the woman redeem the promise of the child? Will she raise her lips to mine in another kiss—a kiss that shall tell me she will be my life's angel—my cherished and honored wife?"

For a moment Maude's voice failed her. Back over the years memory swept, bringing up every detail of that memorable interview, and she now knew the secret of the subtle sympathy which had seemed from the first to bind them together.

A new voice seemed speaking to her now, one to which her heart responded with a great and solemn joy; and reading his answer in her face upraised to his in one fleeting glance, Ralph Wentworth drew her to him and kissed her.

* * * * *

In a private apartment in Ralph Wentworth's luxurious home hangs a beautifully executed copy of the photograph he has cherished so long; while enclosed in a golden locket, which he will carry over his heart as long as he lives, is another, in miniature, of the sweet childish face, which, lifted to his in that first innocent kiss of sympathy and trust, was the turning-point in his life—the earnest of a useful, honorable, and happy future.

THE DRILL OF THE GHOSTS.

An Old Sergeant on the Plains Tells a Strange Story of Governor's Island.

"The strangest experience I ever had," said the old sergeant, was at old Fort William, on Governor's Island, in New York harbor, over twenty years ago.

"I was a sergeant at the time, married, and, with my young wife had been living in a small house on the lower end of the island, but the commanding officer concluded to tear it down, and I was told to select the best rooms of the non-commissioned officers' quarters in the then unoccupied fort.

"What with my usual military duties and the fatigue of moving and placing things to rights, I was pretty well tired out when night came, and slept like a log.

"My wife was worn out, too, but did not sleep so sound as not to be disturbed every night by what she called the funniest noises that sounded just like thunder. But I paid but little attention to her thinking it was only the noise of passing steamboats or the wash of the waters on the shore.

"It might have been two weeks after I had settled down that one night I awoke suddenly from a sound sleep with that peculiar feeling of dread or uneasiness upon me which arises from an unknown cause and has been experienced by nearly all of us.

"'John, do you hear it now?' asked my wife when she discovered I was awake; 'it sounds like some persons at work below.'

"Listening for a short time, I recognized familiar sounds, and had I not been positive that the doors were locked, with the keys hanging on a nail in my room, I would have sworn that the batteries were manned by experienced gunners.

"The quick tread of the men as they dragged the guns in, the ring of the rammer, the handling of the shot that lay piled in readiness for use, the return of the iron wheels over the rails as it was run out of the port, were perfect in every detail, only lacking the words of command and the report of the piece to complete the illusion.

"As I listened the uproar increased in volume until it was impossible for us to hear each other's voices without raising them to a high pitch.

"The guns were served with what seemed incredible rapidity, and the very walls, massive as they were, trembled under the heavy artillery in continual motion, while the balls were rolling from one end of the casements to the other, striking the sides with heavy thuds.

"Unable to stand this state of affairs any longer, I arose, and, lighting my lantern, took the keys along with a loaded revolver, and, descending the stairs as lightly as possible, reached the door. The noise at this point was, if anything, more deafening than when I left my room.

"Cautiously inserting the key into the lock, I cocked my six-shooter, and throwing the door open suddenly, with raised lantern and weapon presented, entered the nearest casement to find it unoccupied save by the grim old guns and the shot stacked in their usual places.

"It was the same in every battery I entered. Not a footprint disturbed the thick dust upon the floor, nor was there a finger mark upon either the gun or the shot. The tompions were in place, and no carriage had traveled over the rusty rails.

"Confounded even still more than I was before, I returned to my room, and was disturbed no more that night. The racket, however, was commenced again the following night, and was kept up, with slight intermission, for a month.

"My account of this singular disturbance was met with jests and laughter from my fellow soldiers, which they modified, it is true, when I corroborated it by my wife, but then only so far as to declare that it was a scheme on our part to get removed from uncomfortable quarters to one of the new quarters then about completed.

"Nettled at their taunts, I vowed that if ever the noises commenced again I would have other witnesses to them, and I did not have long to wait, for about one month after I was awakened by the phantom gunners.

"This time I passed out over the drawbridge, and, going to the men's quarters, awakened a sergeant by the name of Smith, and much against his will made him accompany me to the scene.

"After standing listening to the racket until Smith's face was as white as a sheet and he was trembling from head to foot, I threw open the door.

"Smith always declared that for a moment he saw the ghostly crew at their places, but could detect nothing, nor could I ever discover any cause for the disturbance, although I often was awakened by the nightly drill of my invisible artillerymen.

"Some months after leaving the island I learned that during the Mexican war an artillery company drilled with those guns some time before they left for Mexico, and that they were nearly all killed in battle. I suppose it must have been a freak of theirs to have their reunions in these casements and practice with their old friends, the guns."—[Minneapolis Tribune.

None Of His Business.

"Mister, will you please give me a dime?" asked a boy of a gruff-looking man.

"Why should I give you a dime?"

"To get something to eat with."

"Why should I care whether you eat or not? It's none of my business."

Shortly afterward, as the man was running to catch a car, his plug hat blew off and went rolling at a rapid rate.

"Please stop that hat," he shouted to a boy.

"Why should I stop your hat?" the boy replied. "It is none of my business."

"Now, look there, you young wretch, a wagon has run over it."

"That's so, but why should I care? It's none of my business."—[Arkansaw Traveler.

LITTLE CHARLIE.

It was a gloomy half-lighted attic-room in a tenement house.

Not a pleasant place to die in, and perhaps it was just as well that poor Phœbe Wells, in her restless delirium, fancied herself back in the sweet-scented orchard at home.

Meanwhile a child of four years old, with his round face besmeared with dirt, and his flaxen curls tightly matted together with neglect, sat coiled up in a window-seat, playing with a headless wooden-horse and singing softly to himself. What did little Charlie know of death?

"Sure, it's wanderin' she is," said one of the women who were sitting in the room; "and enough to tire the patience of the blessed saints themselves, sitting here. There's the bit of a letter she began to write and hadn't strength to finish. What shall we do with it?"

"Burn it," shortly returns a wrinkled old hag, who was already busy in turning over the slender store of linen in the worn half-trunk to find something fitting for a shroud; "it's no use to anybody now, an' she can't spake reasonable as to where it is to go. Yes, yes, honey, I know," as Phœbe stretched out her attenuated hands with a wistful cry of, "Charlie—you'll take Charlie home."

"Sure, an' it's that we will," said the old woman chuckling. "We've got nothin' else to do, my fine lady, an' lots o' money to spare, excursioning round the country! Lie still, dear!"

But still she cried, "Charlie—Charlie!" and the younger woman lifted the little creature, still clinging to his wooden horse, on to the bed. Charlie opened his blue eyes and began to cry.

"Mamma, what makes you look so strange?"

She drew him so close down to her with a shuddering sigh, his cheeks against hers, his tangled curls mingling with her dishevelled black tresses.

"Oh, my baby, I cannot go and leave you—I cannot! I——"

The death-rattle in her throat interrupted all further attempts at speech. There were one or two incoherent murmuring sounds—that was all—and so poor Phœbe Wells died.

They took little Charlie away bewildered and terrified, and dispatched someone for the "pauper's coffin," which was to enfold the poor creature's last remains.

"She's got no friend Dennis, 'an' it's but fair, trouble we've had, Nora should divide the little she

"It's me ought to ha' clothes an' things, "said Nora. "You never came a-nigh two days."

"Well, an' it's no more than me, Norah, dear," said the Irishwoman smoothly; "an' you goin' to be married in a month." You kape the clothes, an' welcome, and I'll have the bit of a boy; he's just the child I want for beggin', since they took poor little Barney Toole away, worse luck to 'em! Come along, child, an' stop that cryin' or it'll be the worse for yez. Did ye want a taste o' Mother Dennis's strap?"

Charlie followed his rough guide, frightened into a trembling silence.

Poor little creature! it was well that he was not old enough to realise the terrible fate now opening before him.

"Yez wouldn't belave it, an' him so young," said Mrs. Dennis triumphantly, "but he's the best child in all the children! See there, Mike Dooley, two handkechers an' a snuff-box, let alone the two apples from the peddler's stand, an' an ash-box half full of illigant paper-rags. Give him a drop o' yer beer, Mike, an' ye shall have baked potaties an' pigs'-trotters for your supper, darlint!"

This was one of Charlie's lucky days. Sometimes he came home, blue with cold, pennyless, and without booty of any kind; and then Mrs. Dennis was as liberal in the use of the strap, and what is called "the rough side of her tongue," as she was in her rewards.

"I'll run away when I'm big enough!" resolved the little six-year-old hero, many a night as he lay on his straw-pallet, with half-a-dozen other puny wretches as miserable as himself, watching the peaceful stars shining through the rafters overhead.

"Mrs. Dennis says my mamma's name was Bridget Lanigan, but it wasn't; it was Phœbe! She told me so once; and I had a wooden-horse to play with, and I used to say my prayers at night. I can't remember 'em now; and Pat Keelan says they're all trash—and—and—and——"

So little Charlie dropped off to sleep, as forlorn a little wretch as night brooded over with her peaceful protecting wings of starry darkness.

But Charley did not run away. In the first place, there was nowhere to run to, and Charlie was sufficient of a conservative to remain quietly when he was sure of shelter and daily bread to eat, not always that, however, unless Mrs. Dennis was in good humor.

Then, child as he was, he felt himself to be a sort of pariah in the outer world, his tiny hand against every man's, and every man's against him.

Such was the state of affairs, one December night, when our little hero came wailing home with purple cheeks and chilled fingers and toes, concious that he had something to plead why he should not be sent supperless to bed.

But, to his astonishment, Mrs. Dennis was all motherly affability, and Mike Dooley himself took him between his knees in front of the blazing fire, and helped to chafe his hands.

Mike, in general, being as brutal a ruffian as ever came in contact with the law, Charlie could not imagine what it all meant.

"It's two old maids of 'em livin' all alone," said Mrs. Dennis, resuming the conversation where it had been broken off at Charlie's entrance; "and there's a closet full of old plate, an' Norah says—Norah cleaned them, yez knows—the staircase windy, openin' on the back street, would let a good-sized cat in between the bars, and where a cat can get our Charlie can. Wouldn't yez like that, Charlie dear, to help crack a crib?"

Charlie stared vacantly into the fire, and munched his crust of stale bread.

"All ye'll have to do will be to creep in atween daylight an' dark, honey, and hide away like a mouse. Norah says there's an iligant place under the turn o' the back stairs, just where you got in a'most, and you can lie there as still as a kitten until they've gone to bed, and then, sure, it'll be aisy to steal out and unbolt the basement-door, and Mike and me'll be waitin'; an' if we get what we want, you shall have a brand-new suit of clothes, like Mickey Warren's, wid gould buttons on ivery same."

Charlie's eyes brightened somewhat.

"There! you see he's all right," said Mrs. Dennis, nodding her head triumphantly at her condjutor. "Sure it's a pleasure to dale wid the likes of him—always cheerful and willin'."

"Oh, stow you blarney!" contemptuously ejaculated the less rhetorical Michael. "What's the use o' words? If he'll go, he'll go, and that's the end on't. To-morrow night at eleven."

Mrs. Dennis acquiesced.

"To-morrow night, at eleven, I'll be waiting at the corner of the street wid a cloak and a big market-basket, an' I'll see that Charlie's there afore us."

The next afternoon, just as the wintry twilight was fading into the black, indistinguishable dusk, Mrs. Dennis skilfully propelled the slender, cat-like figure of little Charlie through the narrow iron bars of the staircase-window.

She was just in time, for as she stooped again to poke in the depths of an old ash-barrel with her well-worn iron hook, a policeman lounged round the corner of the house.

"Hallo, old woman! What are you doing here?"

"An' is it the cinders ye'd grudge me?" whined Mrs. Dennis, "an' the fire going out on the hearth-stone, wid the six little ones blue with the cold? Arrah, an' its hard lines for poor folks, so it is, and Mickey McGargan, me husband, that is——"

"Well, well, you needn't make such a noise about it," deprecated the policeman striding on.

And Mrs. Dennis smiled stealthily under her ragged red hood.

Meanwhile, Charlie, obedient to orders, curled himself up under the stairway, amid a lot of tin bath-tubs, disused furniture, and invalided saucepans, and went composedly to sleep.

How long he had slept he did not know, but the narrow stairway was lighted up by the glare of a candle when he woke, and a hand was on the ragged lapels of his coat.

"Why, bless me, it's a child!"

"Nonsense, Nancy; it's only the cat!"

"I tell you it's a child, and he's asleep."

Another figure advanced into the yellow circle of flickering light thrown by the candle—that of a pleasant-looking woman, with a something in her face that made Charlie's heart stand still, and brought the long disused word "mamma" involuntarily to his lips.

"How on earth came you here, little boy?" she asked, little less astonished than her companion had been.

Charlie glanced furtively about the room, in vain search for a loophole of escape; but there was none, and Charlie had no idea of sacrificing himself for the sakes of Mother Dennis and Mike.

"Mrs. Dennis put me

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, JANUARY 21, 1887.

IN retaliation for Canada's seizure of our fishing vessels on her coasts, Senator Edmunds has introduced a bill excluding Canadian vessels from United States ports.

THE Pennsylvania Legislature is now done with preliminaries, and different members are presenting bills with a vim that presages good intentions, It is to be hoped their efforts will not stop there.

THE Democratic State Committee, which met in Harrisburg on Wednesday, selected Dallas Sanders, of Philadelphia, Chairman to succeed W. U. Hensel, who declined a reappointment in that arduous position.

UNITED STATES Senator John J. Mitchell who has scarcely been heard of since his election to that position, will be succeeded in March by Senator-elect Quay, who in turn is not likely to emit much brilliancy in the Senate Chamber. Pennsylvania should be represented by the highest order of statesmanship in that body.

THE Philadelphia *Times* in discoursing on Governor Beaver's inaugural, says: The inaugural of the new Governor is diffuse and platitudinous to weariness. It lacks in clear-cut, honest, gritty expression, and will not inspire the highest measure of popular confidence in his administration. It will not be assumed that Governor Beaver means to deceive. That would be farthest from his purpose, as the record of his whole life attests; but he has not been even moderately just to himself.

THE Anti-Adulteration Convention assembled in Washington represents the Boards of Trade in several cities, and an effort is being made to formulate some scheme of legislation for promoting and enforcing purity in articles of food. This is a move in the right direction. If adulterations in food and drink could be prevented, the indirect advantages in the way of temperate living, and the direct advantages in the way of better health would justify an enormous outlay of money and time. The adulteration of food causes much ill health just as the adulteration of intoxicating drinks shortens the lives of many moderate imbibers.

THE House at Washington has unanimously passed a resolution providing for an inquiry into the affairs of the Pacific railroads. This resolution was the result of recent disclosures made and published by the New York *World*, arraigning certain managers, officers and stockholders for embezzling and misapplying the funds furnished by the Government for the construction and equipment of the roads. If the charges made can be substantiated, a thorough investigation will unearth some enormous steals. The conviction and punishment of the rogues at this late day will be another evidence of the truth of the maxim that "justice may sleep, but never dies."

GENERAL James A. Beaver was inaugurated Governor of this State on Tuesday at Harrisburg. He was inducted to his official position with considerable display and gorgeousness in sharp contrast with the simplicity attending the inauguration of Governor Pattison four years ago. However, to demonstrate or not to demonstrate on such occasions is a mere matter of taste, and if Governor Beaver makes as good a Governor as his undemonstrative predecessor he may be excused for the money wasted in pyrotechnics. His Cabinet is as follows: Secretary of Commonwealth, Charles W. Stone, of Warren; Attorney General, W. S. Kirkpatrick, of Northampton; Adjutant General, Daniel H. Hastings, of Centre.

THE President sent a brief message to Congress on Tuesday, accompanying the memorial of the executive committee of the sub-Constitutional Centennial Commission, proposing to celebrate the 17th of September, 1889, in the city of Philadelphia, as the day upon which and the place where the convention that framed the Federal Constitution concluded their labors and submitted the result for ratification to the thirteen States then composing the United States. He expresses the opinion, from which there can be no dissent, that it is highly fitting to celebrate the first century of popular government under a written Constitution, and directs attention to the importance of the commemoration in promoting the popular knowledge of the foundations of the Federal Government. He refers to the subject as a matter of national interest, and one solely within the discretion and control of Congress.

MICHAEL DAVITT, the father of the Land League, addressed an enthusiastic and appreciative audience in the Academy of Music at Philadelphia, on Saturday evening, speaking eloquently and impressively on the Irish grievances. He alluded, in the course of his remarks, to the law on the statute books of England, older than the Declaration of Independence, which declares that no power on earth outside of Ireland has a right to make laws for her government, and deep down in the hearts of the Irish people a resolution is engraven that there will never be a moment's peace until that law is re-enacted and enforced. The agrarian troubles in Ireland will never be settled until a national authority is created in Dublin to settle them once and forever. In another column is a brief description of evictions at Kerry, which is but a partial illustration of the cruelties heaped upon the Irish tenants by the haughty and inhuman landlords. It is almost beyond human forbearance to endure the insults and oppressions to which the Irish people have been subjected, but when they finally conquer, as conquer they must, the unholy alliance that robs them of their heaven-born rights, their victory will be all the more brilliant because of their long, patient struggle for liberty.

THE formality of voting for Matthew S. Quay for U. S. Senator was gone through with in the two Houses at Harrisburg. Wednesday, separately and conjointly, and he was declared elected. After his nomination by the Republican caucus, his election was a settled fact, and the formality of voting for him was only necessary to carry out the law and give his election the official insignia.

THE propriety of a graduated tax has recently been discussed in the columns of the New York *World*. The object of such a tax would be to prevent the vast accumulation of individual and corporate wealth in the hands of a few, and furthermore by shifting the burden of taxation on their shoulders, aid persons of small estates and moderate incomes to rise to a higher financial level. There is no question that a more equal distribution of wealth in this country would be a national blessing. A law that could so regulate the accumulation of wealth without destroying individual enterprise would be a check to the wholesale monopoly of productive industries and vouchsafe the natural right which every one should have—by economy and industry—to secure for himself and family all the necessaries and some of the luxuries of life. Labor and brains should each have a money value commensurate with their productive capacity; energy, skill and ability in whatever field exerted should be duly rewarded, but when cunning device and chicanery, aided by corrupt legislation, conspire to rob honest toil of its due, it is time to call a halt. Every man has a Constitutional right to be protected in life, liberty, property and the pursuit of happiness. This implies as well that when a man's accumulation of property is of such a nature and extent that it deprives others of their just rights, he has stepped beyond Constitutional restriction for which tribute may be demanded, in the shape of increased taxation.

GRATITUDE is one of the noblest qualities of our nature, and he is lacking in one of the highest essentials of true manhood whose heart does not gratefully respond in return for valuable services rendered to home and country. We can congratulate ourselves on the magnificent examples of gratitude furnished by our Government in the granting of pensions to those who are direct or indirect sufferers in consequence of service in the field. But even in this there is a golden mean to be observed, lest the outpouring in one direction may cut off the flow in in other channels fully as worthy. The Senate, on Monday, passed forty individual pension bills, and the House with little deliberation approved a measure providing for dependent parents and honorably discharged soldiers and sailors who received no injuries during their term of service, but are too old or too feeble to work. The mover of the bill estimates that it would cost $6,000,000 a year; but judging from the way the estimates of previous bills have been doubled by the expenses after passage, it will triple or quadruple that amount. Is there not danger of overdoing the pension business? Before the matter is carried further it might be well to consider if there are not other avenues for the distribution of surplus funds, by which the greatest good might be done to the greatest number. If not, then let pensions be granted promiscuously to every one who ever had anything to do with any of our wars. The United States Treasury has paid out for pensions since the close of the war, in round numbers $800,000,000.

GOVERNOR BEAVER'S inaugural address at the State Capitol, Tuesday, is a very nicely worded literary production, but abounds a little too much in glittering generalities to be either impressive or effective. He begins by expressing his accountability as the public servant of five millions of people, and implies that neither partisan bias nor personal prejudice will turn him to the right or left in the discharge of his duty to the State. He touches upon the labor question in a general way, and was loudly applauded for saying that "the poorest citizen of the Commonwealth should receive the same protection as the powerful corporation." Anybody could and would have said as much under the circumstances, but Governor Beaver should have said more. It is the vital question of the day, and he should have at least touched upon some well defined policy for the amelioration of the laboring class and for checking the oppression of corporations. The feeble expression of his belief that the humble citizen merits the same consideration as the rich corporation is not positive proof that the executive arm will be exerted to carry his belief into effect. If he does not emphasize his belief and formulate it into a direct demand for legislation when he sends in his message, his words will be worse than mockery. He dwelt upon our educational system at length and reviewed the needs of a reform by establishing industrial schools for the purpose of training the hand in unison with the head, thus giving education a more practical tendency. Whether or not the State should have a law compelling school attendance, he leaves in the form of an interrogatory. He points out the inequalities of our revenue and tax system, and the unjust burdens which it imposes on agriculture and the holders of modest homesteads, and relieves the holders of mortgages and corporations of the equal burden they should bear.—He says "our whole revenue system is built up of disjointed and fragmentary provisions of law." Here again the Governor seems to be at sea, for he proposes no remedy, but promises, if called upon, to give something more practical and pointed in the future. The address is characteristic of the man; he said many praiseworthy things as far as he went, and but little that is objectionable. His most transparent fault is in not grasping the helm with that firmness which at once makes him master of the situation. Let us hope the new Governor will be an Executive in deed as well as in name, and of whom the Keystone State may be proud.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND is again reported indisposed from the old malady, rheumatism.

Unequal Taxation in Pennsylvania.

While Henry George's theory of confining all taxation to real estate has not been formally adopted in this Commonwealth, the report of Auditor General Niles for the year just closed, indicates that in practice we are very near the George idea. The assessed value of the real estate of the Commonwealth is placed at $1,697,202,153.—There is no State tax levied upon this form of property, the State tax on real estate having been abolished in 1866, but the local taxes collected upon the above assessed valuation aggregate $30,395,350.08. A statement is furnished of all forms of personal property taxed, which is manifestly several hundred millions below the actual amount, and figures up $1,463,8 4,762.13. The total tax upon this amount is given at $5,962,344.79. If the same rate of taxation as the real estate, the tax would be $26,113,426.31, or more than four times the amount now paid.

These figures show that when the law makers exempted real estate from State taxation as an excuse for confining the tax on personal property to State purposes exclusively, they conferred a more than doubtful boon on the farmers and other real estate owners of the State.—No one believes that the money invested in farms and building lots pays the investors a greater rate of interest than that invested in stocks, bonds and mortgages or merchandise. On the contrary, all experience goes to show that most forms of personal property are more remunerative than an equal amount of money invested in land. But the land is burdened with a rate of taxation more than four times as great as that imposed upon money at interest or invested in corporation stocks.

In view of these incontrovertible figures, it will be a wise move on the part of the friends of equal taxation in the Legislature to circulate as widely as possible the information contained in the Auditor General's report concerning this inequality in taxation. A very determined effort will be made to repeal the provisions of the present revenue act that makes it possible to assess and tax money at interest and other forms of personal property. These provisions are the best the act contains, and while the entire revenue system of the State needs revision and codification, it should be done in the interest of equalization, and not against it.

The farms and the building lots are in open sight, and cannot escape taxation. The bonds and mortgages and other evidences of personal property can be locked up and kept out of sight unless inquisition is made for them. There is the grossest injustice in allowing a part of this form of property to escape the light taxation now levied upon it, and exacting payment only from those who make an honest return. All new legislation upon this subject should have for its object a more effective assessment and taxation, instead of affording more convenient loopholes of escape from all taxation whatever.—*Phila. Times.*

Legislative Proceedings.

In the Senate last week Mr. McFarlane introduced the Congressional Apportionment bill of last session. Under it the Twenty-second district would consist of all that part of Pittsburg and the boroughs and townships between the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers, together with the boroughs of Millvale, Etna, Sharpsburg and Tarentum, and the townships of Richland, Hampton, Shaler, Ross, McCandless, West Deer, East Deer, Indiana, Harmar, O'Hara, Springfield, Fawn and Harrison. The Twenty-third district would consist of Allegheny city and that portion of the city of Pittsburg and the boroughs and townships not included in the Twenty-second district.

The other Western districts are thus arranged: Eighteenth; Franklin, Fulton, Huntingdon, Juniata, Mifflin, Snyder and Union. Nineteenth; Bedford, Blair, Cambria and Somerset. Twentieth; Clarion, Forest, Centre, Clearfield, Clinton and Elk. Twenty first; Fayette, Greene and Washington. Twenty fifth; Indiana, Jefferson, Westmoreland and Armstrong. Twenty-sixth; Venango, Warren, McKean and Cameron. Twenty-seventh; Crawford and Erie. Twenty-eighth; Beaver, Lawrence, Butler and Mercer.

Mr. Henninger, of Lehigh, introduced a bill making it a criminal conspiracy for any persons to combine to limit the production or enhance the price of coal, and such persons, upon conviction, shall be sentenced to pay a fine not exceeding $1000, and undergo an imprisonment of not over one year, or both or either, at the discretion of the courts.

Mr. Meredith, of Armstrong, introduced a joint resolution submitting an amendment to the Constitution, prohibiting forever the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage in this State, and providing for necessary legislation for its enforcement. The resolution also calls for the enactment of laws to regulate the manufacture and sale of intoxicants used for other purposes than a beverage.

A message from the Governor was submitted, embracing the result of the Governor's investigation of the Soldiers' Orphans' Schools.

In the House, Mr. Kauffman, of Lancaster, introduced a bill appropriating $81,000 to erect memorial tablets to mark the positions of the Pennsylvania commands on the first, second and third days of the battle of Gettysburg.

A communication to Speaker Boyer, from E. E. Higbee, Supt. Soldiers' Orphans' Schools, asking for a thorough investigation of the charges against him, was read.

Last Act in Pattison's Administration.

The announcement by Attorney General Cassidy on Saturday that he had no more testimony to offer in the suits of the Commonwealth against the trunk-line and coal-pools, practically closed the work of an Administration that has done more than any of its predecessors to promote the material prosperity of the State. It has checked corporate encroachment, and it has contended for the equal rights of shippers. It has upheld the State Constitution as its chart, and has won the respect of all good men by the earnestness, honesty and ability with which it has guided the affairs of the Commonwealth. Mr. Pattison will not step down from his high office repeating, as did his predecessor, the regrets of Cardinal Wolsey. There is nothing in all the history of his Administration to put humiliation upon himself or upon the people of the State. He has been the Governor of Pennsylvania, in all that those words imply, and he has shown a breadth of mind and a courage of conviction that have been as surprising to his friends as they were gratifying to the masses. No man has ever relinquished the office of Governor of Pennsylvania carrying with him a profounder regard of the people than Robert E. Pattison, and no man in the history of the State has so completely earned the enmity of jobbers and of the opponents of sound public policy.

Associated with the Governor, and shedding lustre upon his Administration was an Attorney General whose continuous triumphs in the Courts have commanded the admiration of the Bench and Bar. Pennsylvania will be signally fortunate if the successors of these men be as true to the people and themselves. —*Phila. Record.*

SENATOR STANFORD declares that he will give no explanation of that $2,000,000 expenditure for which no vouchers appear in the accounts of the Central Pacific Railroad. The people have no right to that information, he says. "It is no concern of theirs."

Irish Landlord Cruelty.

Barbarous evictions continue to be the order of the day in Ireland. The scenes are said to be the most distressing ever witnessed even in Kerry, where bitter internecine war has so long been waged between the landlords and tenants. It must be borne in mind that these present raids on the overty stricken, miserable peasantry are being made now, in the dead of winter. In the case of one man, Pat Reardon, his mother begged most piteously that she might be allowed to remain under the roof over night to nurse her dying child. The agent, however, rudely threw her off, and ordered the door to be nailed up. The poor woman laid her sick child in the pig-sty and went for some straw to make it a bed. When the bailiff was nailing the door a young girl became so exasperated by the outrage that had been perpetrated that she struck him over the head with a shovel, knocking him almost insensible. She was at once arrested and sent off under guard of ten police armed with rifles, but a mob rescued her. This is but a sample of the frightful deeds being enacted in Ireland. The temporizing and pacific policy which at one time the Government seemed disposed to adopt, and from which such satisfactory results were ensuing, has been completely abandoned, and the old-time venom and the unreasoning cruelty of landlordism is again rampant. The London Tory papers have been demanding the enforcement of the law in Ireland, and now it is being done. It is worse than the barbarity of an invading army. The complacency with which English people of intelligence and good breeding hear of these outrages is astonishing. They will turn from the atrocities in Ireland to fit out a rescue expedition to Central Africa, or to send missionaries to tribes of unappreciative cannibals, but they close their ears to the piteous wail which comes unceasingly from the homeless mothers and children of their own sister nation, Ireland.

Mr. Gladstone appears to be the only man in all England whose head and heart are big enough to comprehend the needs of the Irish people, and to give them that just measure of sympathy so strangely denied them by representative Englishmen. Mr. Gladstone courageously insists that the Irish question must be settled before all others, and the gradual revival of his popularity is based on this one condition.

Crop Reports.

The general tenor of the reports from the winter wheat States continues to be favorable for the seeded grain. Fourteen Ohio counties making returns this week all make favorable reports. The fields are well protected with snow and the plant looks very healthy. Similar reports are made from thirteen counties with a single exception—Pike—which reports a number of fields showing severe injury from freezing. Eight Michigan counties make a uniformly favorable showing.—Reports were received from twenty-seven Illinois counties, embracing one-third of those growing winter wheat, and all but five of these report the winter wheat outlook as favorable. Reports from Clay, Franklin, Hardin, Lawrence and Wayne counties show that the wheat has been frozen and that the fields are covered with frozen sleet. In fifteen Kansas counties the prospect for the growing grain is considered fair to good, while Harper, Lyon and Pawnee counties report the grain as looking badly. Nine Wisconsin counties report the outlook as generally favorable.

THE Circuit Court at Indianapolis has granted the injunction asked, restraining Lieutenant Governor Robertson from acting as President pro tem. of the Senate, or from assuming the Chairmanship of the joint Senatorial convention, holding that he was not legally elected. The decision is a Democratic victory.—The case will go to the Supreme Court, and there is not much doubt the decision will be sustained. The point of the decision is that there is no provision in the Constitution of the State whereby a Lieutenant Governor can be elected at any other time than when a Governor is elected, that is, once every four years; and inasmuch as the election was not constitutional, the proceedings could not be that of a contested election, as was provided for by the Constitution and statutes. The Republicans were much gratified by the action of the Circuit and Supreme Courts a couple of weeks ago, on a kindred question. We hope they are well satisfied now.

THE spirit of Seventy-Six is rife in the capitals of Indiana and New Jersey. Not the spirit of 1776, but the spirit of 1876, when the will of the people of the United States was overthrown by a gigantic fraud. In Indiana a member of the Legislature who received a majority of the votes has been thrown out of his seat because he held an incompatible office, and the defeated candidate put in his place. The elected candidate was doubtless not eligible, but it was a flagrant fraud on the right of representation to give his seat to a candidate whom the people had not elected. Similar methods are to be used in New Jersey to overthrow the lawful majority in order that the Republicans may maintain their control of the Senate of the United States. A political party may temporarily protract its existence by such fraudulent and desperate expedients, but it cannot avert its doom.—*Phila. Record.*

THE "New South" is stirring, tapping veins of coal and subterranean lakes of petroleum in Texas, digging for iron ore and coal in Mississippi, building railroads in Georgia and factories in Alabama, and urging Tennessee to develop her wonderful mineral resources. The American must work, and in the fresh fields of labor offered below Mason and Dixon's line he is finding at present the richest rewards.

A NEW Pardon Board comes in with the new Governor, with one exception. It will consist of Lieutenant Governor Davies, Secretary of the Commonwealth Stone, who once served on it as Lieutenant Governor; Attorney General Kirkpatrick, and Secretary of Internal Affairs Africa. Mr. Africa is the only Democrat left in the State Departments and he will retire in May to give place to Colonel Stewart who was elected last fall.

LOVE plays strange freaks sometimes, but the strangest freak, not to say infatuation, comes from Chicago, where Miss Mina Van Zandt wants to marry Spies, the condemned anarchist. She is spoken of as a lady of intelligence and fine sensibilities and refined family connections. She does not believe Spies is the bad man he is represented, and thinks he should not be executed. But the sheriff has interposed and says the wedding shall not take place.

The VerdictUnanimous.

W. D. Sult, Druggist, Bippus, Ind., testifies: I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles, and was cured of Rheumatism of 10 years standing." Abraham Hare druggist, Belleville, Ohio, affirms. "The best selling medicine I have ever handled in my 20 years' experience, is Electric Bitters." Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys and Blood. Only a half dollar a bottle at E. James' drug store.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTIONS.

—T. J. Cluverius, who was hanged in the jail yard in Richmond on Friday, protested his innocence to the last.

—Cincinnati will be one hundred years old next year, and she wants both national conventions to celebrate her centennial.

—The principal business block in village of Minooka, Ill., was destroyed by fire on Sunday including the post office and all the mails.

—William Agnew, a laborer, of Palmyra, N. Y., murdered his wife on January 3, and slept beside her corpse for ten days until discovered.

—The oldest surviving holder of a diploma from Dartmouth is Abraham T. Lowe, M. D., of Boston, who was born 1796 and graduated in 1817

—Elizabeth Holtzman, aged 25 years, of Philadelphia, suicided by taking "Rough on Rats" on Saturday last. Four months ago she married her husband, who is 30 years her senior.

—Ex Gov. Curtin has had an operation performed on his right eye, which had been sightless for 20 years. The operation was successful, and the Governor again has two good eyes.

—Henry Schoenhals, foreman of Henry Krug Packing Co., St. Joseph, Missouri, uses Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil with his men for sprains, cuts, bruises, chapped hands etc. It is the best.

—A car loaded with cotton on the C., O. & S. W. R. R., was destroyed by fire on Monday at Paducah, Ky., and it was afterward found that four unknown tramps had perished in it.

—Squire Slokom, of Christiana, Lancaster county, presented each of his four children with $6,000. It was his golden wedding, and he turned the tables on the children who gave him a suprise party.

—The Governor of Herat has been summoned to Cabul to answer charges of secretly favoring Russia and fomenting hatred against England among the Afgham people. If found guilty he will be sentenced to death.

—The International Union of Bricklayers, of Pittsburg, at the session on Friday, decided that they would continue to work nine hours a day, as in the past, and they would not combine with the Knights of Labor, as requested.

—Five masked men plundered a freight train on the Panhandle Road, two miles west west of Pittsburg late on Friday night. The fireman and a brakeman were seriously hurt while trying to arrest the robbers, but they all escaped.

—Several Germans in England have received telegrams from the German Consulate in London requesting them to be prepared to return Germany at twenty-four hours' notice and report for duty at their respective military headquarters.

—Some time since Charles Andes struck James Hill on the head with a beer glass Hill died on Monday from the effects of the blow, and Andes, who is the son of one of wealthiest business men of the town, is under arrest charged with manslaughter.

—C. E. Vosburg, a law student in the office of ex-Lieutenant-Governor Stone, of Warren, and a graduate of Yale, died in the Bradford city prison on last Thursday, from the effects of a spree. He was the only son of a widow, and was an heir to wealth.

—A young couple went recently to a Lancaster minister to get married, but the man had been indulging in liquor and betrayed it when he answered "yes," whereupon the minister refused to proceed with the ceremony, and they were obliged to go elsewhere to have the knot tied.

—John L. Sullivan and Patsy Cardiff fought six rounds at Minneapolis, Minn., on Tuesday night with five and a-half ounce gloves. The fight was decided a draw. The manager explained that Sullivan broke a bone in his right arm in the first round by striking a stake.

—On last Saturday evening William Wright, nine year old son of William Wright, blacksmith at Monongahela City, Pa., disappeared suddenly and mysteriously. He was last seen skating on the river between Jones' and Catsburg. It is believed he was drowned, as nothing has since been heard of him.

—Miss Abertine Hevener lived alone in a farm house six miles from Syracuse, N. Y. On Wednesday a note fell due and she lacked $14 of the sum necessary for payment. She She set fire to her house and was burned to death. She left this request: "I want to be buried with my cows and sheep that I worked for and loved so much."

—Thomas Keene and his wife, living near Titusville, left their children at home while they went to a neighbor's. The children found a flask of powder, and threw in the fire. In the explosion that followed all the children were more or less injured, one having its eyesight entirely destroyed while a second had one eye burned severely.

—When the Philadelphia & Reading Road passenger train arrived at Reading on last Saturday, an aged lady who entered the train at Philadelphia, was found dead in her seat, with her face against the window pane, having been in that position from Manayunk. She proved to be Mrs. Martha Lukens, of Shamokin, aged 75 years. Death was due to heart disease.

—General W. B. Hazen, chief signal officer, United States Army, died at Washington, D. C., Sunday evening last of kidney affection, aged fifty-seven years. As an officer of the line General Hazen made a good record, both before and during the late war, and in the position of which he was the incumbent at the time of his death he had achieved distinction as a scientist.

—A dispatch from Point Pleasant, W. Va., says: About three years ago in the southern part of this county, John Letcher, was shot and killed by Neise Borden in a quarrel about a fence. Letcher's son, Abner, then twelve years old, told his mother that when he got big enough he was going to kill Borden. On Saturday Borden's dead body was found in a clump of brush with a bullet hole through his head. Young Letcher was on the same day hunting in the woods in which Borden's body was found.

DYSPEPSIA

Is a dangerous as well as distressing complaint. If neglected, it leads to impairing digestion, and depressing the tone of the system, to prepare the way for Rapid Decline.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

Trade Mark. QUALITY PURITY NOT QUANTITY. On Every Bottle.

Quickly and completely cures Dyspepsia in all its forms, **Heartburn, Belching, Tasting the Food**, etc. It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, and aids the assimilation of food. Rev. J. T. Rossiter, the honored pastor of the First Reformed Church, Baltimore, Md., says: "Having used Brown's Iron Bitters for Dyspepsia and Indigestion I take great pleasure in recommending it highly. Also consider it a splendid tonic and invigorator, and very strengthening."

Hon. Joseph C. Sutt, Judge of Circuit Court, Clinton Co., Ind., says: "I bear most cheerful testimony to the efficacy of Brown's Iron Bitters for Dyspepsia, and as a tonic."

Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by **BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.**

MALARIA.

"If people could only know what a splendid medicine Simmons Liver Regulator is there would be many a physician without a patient, and many an interminable doctor bill saved. I consider it infallible in malarial infection. I had for many years been a perfect physical wreck from a combination of complaints, all the outgrowth of malaria in my system, and even under the skillful hand of Dr. J. P. Jones, of this city, I had despaired of ever being a well woman again. Simmons Liver Regulator was recommended to me. I tried it; it helped me, and it is the only thing that ever did me any good. I persevered in its use, and I am now in perfect health. I know the medicine cured me, and I always keep it as a reliable 'standby' in my family." Respy, Mrs. MARY RAY, *Camden, Ala.*

MISS ROSE CLEVELAND'S

[Sister of the President.]

New Story in January Godey.

—GODEYS'—

LADIES' BOOK

FOR 1887.

Sample copy 15 cents.

$2.00 A YEAR

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

Beautiful premiums to every subscriber.

TERMS TO CLUBS.

Extra premiums to club raisers.

2 copies $3.50
5 copies 8.50
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For list of premiums and terms to larger clubs, send for Sample Copy, which will give you full information.

GODEY'S, at the present time, is admitted by press and people to be superior to any ladies' magazine in America, having the greatest variety of high-grade literature, and is stylish.

The literary features are: Serials, Novelettes, Short Stories, Charades, Poems, etc.

Among the popular authors who will contribute to Godey for 1887 are: Lucy Peyton, Mrs. Emily Reed, Jno. Churchill, William Minter Butler, Emily Lennox, and others.

Every number is replete in every number, of subjects by well-known artists, and produced by the newest processes. In its colored fashions Godey's leads in color and styles. Both modistes and home dress makers accord them the foremost position.

Paper Patterns are one of the important features of Godey's, every subscriber being allowed to select their own pattern every month, as from above more than covering the subscription price.

Practical Hints upon Dressmaking show how garments can be renovated and made over by the patterns given.

Practical Hints for the Household show young housekeepers how to manage the culinary department with economy and skill.

Fashion Notes, at Home and Abroad, delight every lady's heart.

The colored and Black Work Designs give all the newest ideas for fancy work.

The Cooking Recipes are under the control of an experienced housekeeper.

The Architectural Department is of practical utility, careful estimates being given with each plan.

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GODEY'S has arranged to give elegant Silver Plated Ware of superior makers as premiums, the value of which in some instances reaches over $25 for one premium. Send 15c. for sample copy where will contain Illustrated Premiums with full particulars and terms. Address—

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,
Philadelphia Pa.

In Club with this paper, Godey's and the Freeman, Price, $3 00 which should be sen to the office of this paper.

Jennie June's Society Letters in Godey' Lady's Book

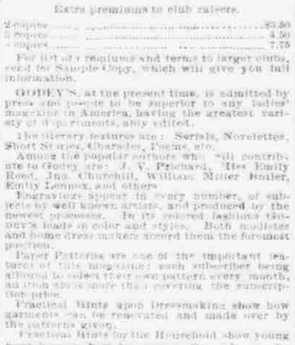
Blairsville, Pa., Ladies' Seminary.

Beautiful grounds, commodious building heated by steam, healthful location, thorough instruction. Eight resident teachers. Furnished room, board, light, and tuition in regular course

$200 PER YEAR.

Special advantages in Art and Music. Thirty-fifth year begins Sept. 8th, 1886. For Catalogue, apply to Rev. T. R. EWING, D. D., July 28, 1886. Principal.

CATARRH



HAY-FEVER

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Is not a liquid, snuff or powder. Applied into nostrils is quickly absorbed. It cleanses the head. Allays inflammation. Heals the sores. Restores the senses of taste and smell. 50 *cents at Druggists; by mail, registered,* 60 *cents.*

ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N.Y.

The Cosmopolitan

The handsomest, most entertaining, low price, illustrated family magazine in the world, **($2.50 per year,** with a $2.25 premium free.) Sixty-four beautifully printed pages in each number, filled with short stories, sketches, travels, adventures, bright and brief scientific and literary articles, by distinguished American and foreign writers, such as Julian Hawthorne, Harriet Prescott Spofford, George Parsons Lathrop, Louise Chandler Moulton, J. Macdonald Oxley, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, H. H. Boyesen, Catherine Owen, Rev. R. Heber Newton, Alphonse Daudet, Paul Heyse, Count Tolstoi, Th. Dostoevsky, William Westall and many others. Also entertaining **JUVENILE** and invaluable **HOUSEHOLD** departments. One or more illustrated articles and several full-page engravings in every number.

A Shannon Letter and Bill File or a Shannon Sheet-Music Binder Free to every Subscriber.

These premiums sell everywhere for $2.25 each. The File is the most perfect device ever invented for the preservation and classification (alphabetically and according to date) of all letters, bills, etc. Any paper can be referred to, taken out and put back without disturbing the others. With the Binder one can insert or take out any piece of music without disturbing any other sheet.

$2.25.

Get SAMPLE COPY at NEWS STAND or send **20 Cents** to publishers.

AGENTS WANTED. BIG COMMISSIONS PAID.

Schlicht & Field Co., Rochester, N.Y.

TUTT'S PILLS

25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Dizziness, Flutterings at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change as to astonish the sufferer. They increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their **Tonic Action** on Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25c. 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

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Silverware, Musical Instruments

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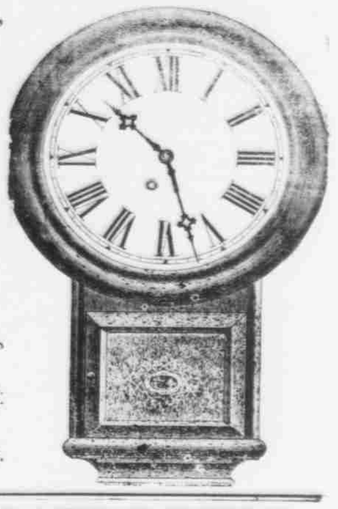

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CARL RIVINIUS.

Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1885.-tf.

MARLIN MAGAZINE RIFLE Best In The World

For large or small game—32 calibre, 40 grains powder; 38 cal. 55 gr.; 40 cal. 60 gr.; 45 cal. 70 and 85 gr. The strongest shooting rifle made. Perfect accuracy guaranteed and the only absolutely safe rifle on the market. Prices reduced. **BALLARD** Gallery, Sporting and Target Rifles, world renowned. The standard for target shooting, hunting, and shooting galleries. All calibres from 22 to 45. Made in fourteen different styles, prices from $18.00 up. Send for illustrated catalogue.

MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO., - New Haven, Conn.

Two targets made with one of our 22 calibre rifles, twenty consecutive shots after fifty shots had already been fired and no cleaning during the entire twenty shots. These guns carry off nearly all the prizes at target matches because they are always accurate and reliable.

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E. A. JOHNSTON, M. J. BUCK, A. W. BUCK.

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Bought and Sold and a

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A. W. BUCK, Cashier.

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OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"

And other First Class Companies.

T. W. DICK,

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FIRE INSURANCE COM'Y.

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1794.

Ebensburg, July 31, 1882.

H. H. MYERS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Ebensburg, Pa.

☞ Office in Collonade Row, on Centre street.

GEO. M. READE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
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☞ Office on Centre street, next to Mrs. Rodgers.

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SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE'S ACADEMY,

Young Men and Boys, Media, Penn

12 miles from Philadelphia. Fixed price covers every expense, even books, &c. No extra charges. No incidental expenses. No examination for admission. Twelve experienced teachers, all men, and all graduates. Special opportunities for apt students to advance rapidly. Special drill for dull and backward boys. Patrons or students may select any studies or choose the regular English, Scientific, Business, Classical or Civil Engineering courses. Students fitted at Media Academy are now in Harvard, Yale, Princeton and ten other Colleges and Polytechnic Schools. 10 students went to college in 1885, 12 in 1884, 10 in 1883, 10 in 1882. A graduating class in the commercial department every year. A Physical and Chemical Laboratory, Gymnasium and Ball Ground. 1866 vols. added to the Library in 1885. Media has seven churches and a temperance charter which prohibits the sale of all intoxicating drinks. For profusely illustrated circular address the Principal and Proprietor, SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE, A. M., (Harvard Graduate) Media, Pa.

NATURE'S CURE FOR CONSTIPATION,

A RELIABLE REMEDY For Sick Stomach, For Torpid Liver, Bilious Headache, Costiveness, Tarrant's Effervescent Seltzer Aperient.

TARRANT'S
SELTZER
APERIENT

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - JAN. 21, 1887.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

With this issue the FREEMAN commences its twenty first year. For twenty years each week after week, the FREEMAN has made a visitor to its readers, a great many of whom have been subscribers since the initial number asked for their support, extolling local happenings, giving the general news, and always through adversity and prosperity striving for the success of its Democratic party. In this, the twenty-first year, after witnessing the fact that the government, after nearly two years of Democratic administration, is more prosperous than at any other period of its existence; and seeing the Democracy of Cambria at the last election take her old place in the democratic ranks, electing the whole county ticket by majorities not calculated to lend much encouragement to the Republicans in the future, the FREEMAN starts, expecting to be at all times ready to perform its duties as a Democratic paper and soliciting the same patronage and encouragement in the future that it has received in the past.

—For fresh tub oysters go to the Sugar Bowl.

—Two men and a bear worked the town for a few pennies on Thursday.

—For all kinds of canned goods go to the Sugar Bowl.

—The mercury got down to about two degrees below zero on Tuesday night.

—For the best flour in the market go to the Sugar Bowl.

—Mr. R. L. Davis is laid up and is suffering severely from a bealing in his head.

—Rupture instantly relieved by the use of the celebrated Fry Truss, for sale at Dunlop's drug store.

—George G. K. Zahm, Esq., has been on the sick list for the past week but we understand is slowly recovering.

—Judge Johnston is now rapidly recovering the use of his afflicted eye and we hope in a long that it will be entirely well.

—The man who a couple of months ago was predicting an open winter is not at present calling your attention to the fact that "I told you so."

—Wanted—Lumber in trade for a new portable steam sawmill, 25 horse-power, 60 inch saw, 40 foot carriage and 80 foot ways. Apply to this office.

—The Loretto Merchandise Co. wishing to close out stock of heavy overcoats, now offers them at extremely low figures for cash or country produce.

—Mrs. Jane Burns, of Altoona, the mother of the late John Burns, Esq., of St. Augustine, died at Altoona on Thursday of last week, aged seventy six years.

—The largest and best stock of cigars ever brought to Central Pennsylvania is now to be seen at the Golden Eagle Clothing House, Altoona, Pa.

—Mr. Bart McCabe, the engineer on the road, is off duty on account of sickness. He is not seriously ill, being able to go around, but is not well enough to be on the road.

—Mr. John B. Stehle, who for some years worked in a brewery and hotel at Altoona, died at his home in that place on Monday last. He was about thirty years of age and was born at Lilly, in this county.

—John M. Laird, the veteran editor of the Johnstown *Argus*, fell on the ice on Saturday last and sustained an ugly fracture of the bones of the hip joint, which, owing to the advanced age will more than likely prove fatal.

—At the coming spring election there will be elected a burgess, two auditors and a tax collector by the borough at large, and a constable, school director, constable, judge of election and two inspectors by each ward.

—Mr. Samuel A. McAteer, a freight conductor on the Pennsylvania railroad, whose residence is in Altoona, took suddenly sick while on his train near Harrisburg on Monday last and died in a short time from heart disease.

—WANTED.—Several young men to learn General Merchandise business in a town of 3000 inhabitants. Must expect low wages and hard work. Apply in your own handwriting, with references, to K., care of CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

—The collector of Cambria twp. will be at the township school house in the borough of Ebensburg, for the purpose of receiving the school taxes for said township, on Saturday, the 29th day of January, 1887, between the hours of one and five p. m.

—NOTICE.—As most farmers will want to put Phosphate the coming spring, now is the time for you to give your orders for the best phosphate in the market. I am prepared to furnish it in any grade for $25 to $40 a ton.

G. HUNTLEY

—Postal notes which were formerly drawn upon a designated postoffice, and could only be paid at the issuing office or the office drawn upon, are now made payable at any money-order office, which is a great convenience to persons holding them.

—Irwin Bash, son of John L. Bash, Esq., of Morrellville, while at work in the Bessemer Steel Works at Johnstown, was accidentally struck on the head by a piece of red wood and picked up unconscious. He was taken to his home but died in a few hours.

—John Allison, brother of James G. Allison, the parricide who was hanged in Indiana a few years ago, has become demented and was last week taken to Dixmont. He was found at his home running naked while the mercury was away below the freezing point.

—Although the Branch is snowed up and passengers for Ebensburg are compelled to come overland in sleighs, it will still prove profitable to them when here to visit John Owens' store, on High street, where dry goods, groceries, etc., are always sold at bottom prices.

—Mrs. Baldwin, wife of Charles Baldwin, of Shanksville, Somerset county, met with a painful accident a few days since. In the absence of her husband she went to the stable to feed her cow, and while on the stable loft getting hay she slipped and fell through to the floor below, breaking her right arm and splitting the knee-pan of her left leg.

—The Local Institute held at Chest Springs on Saturday was well attended by the citizens of the borough, but owing to the inclemency of the weather, the teachers from a distance were unable to attend. The topics on the program were fully discussed by Supt. Strayer, W. J. Cramer and others. Arrangements were made for holding a meeting in St. Augustine sometime in February.

—On Tuesday last the train on the Ebensburg branch railroad stuck in the snow on its first trip about two miles from town, and in the efforts to pull through the engine got off the track. Luckily there was but one passenger on board who had to walk back to town. The train has been lying there since, but as the blizzard is now over it is expected that the road will be opened up in a few days. Passengers and the mails have been carried to and from Cresson in sleighs since the closing of the railroad.

WITHOUT EXCEPTION

THE GREATEST REDUCTION ON LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S COATS EVER MADE IN ALTOONA!

One lot Ladies' Newmarkets at	$7.50 worth	$10.00 to	$15.00
One lot Ladies' Newmarkets at	9.50 worth	12.50 to	18.00
One lot Ladies' Newmarkets at	5.00 worth	10.00 to	12.50
One lot Ladies' Gloth Jackets at	5.00 worth	8.50 to	10.00
One lot Ladies Golden Brown Astrachan Jackets	7.50 worth	12.50 to	15.00

GABLE & CO.'S OFFER TO CLOSE.

One lot Ladies' Astrachan Jacket Lined	$3.50 worth	$5.00 to	$6.00
One lot Ladies' Boucle Jackets and other styles	2.98 worth	5.00 to	7.00
One lot Children's Coats	3.50 worth	6.00 to	7.50
One lot Children's Coats	2.50 worth	4.00 to	5.00
One lot Children's Coats	1.50 worth	2.50 to	4.00

These Bargains Can Only Be Had At Gable & Co.'s, 1402 Eleventh Avenue.

P. S.—A few Fine Seal Plush Coats, Extra Length, Seal Loops, Chamois Pockets, Extra, $17.50; worth $22. Grasp this Golden Opportunity before it is too late.

—If you want to keep warm this winter buy an overcoat. The place to get an overcoat is at the Golden Eagle Clothing House, Altoona, Pa.

—A sleighing party from Chest Springs, consisting of twelve or fifteen couples, drove to Loretto on Saturday evening last and put up at the Highland House. They report having had an excellent time. After spending part of the evening in dancing, they were ushered into the dining room where a sumptuous feast had been spread out for the occasion. When all had satisfied the "inner man" they departed for home in hearty good cheer and expressed it as their opinion that Charley knows how to entertain a crowd.

—McDonald at Loretto still "holds the fort" on low prices as follows: 20 lbs brown sugar $1.00, 14 lbs white sugar $1.00, 3 lbs tea $1.00, 2 lbs chocolate or coco $1.00, 8 lbs green or roasted coffee $1.00, 5 lbs best roasted coffee $1.00, 4 boxes essence coffee 10cts, 4 papers baking soda 10cts., 2 boxes baking powder 10cts., 3 lbs prunes 25cts., 3 lbs rice 25cts., 4 lbs barley 25cts., 5 lbs oatmeal 25cts, 6 lbs dried apples 25cts., good syrup 40 cts, best syrup 50cts., per gal, flour $1.10, salt $1.35. All other goods at equally low prices for cash or good marketable produce.

—During Friday, Saturday and Sunday last the pulpit of the Presbyterian church was occupied by Rev. F. Boyle, of Irwin. Mr. Boyle is a very earnest, logical and pleasant speaker. He was one of the G. A. R. excursionists through our western states and territories last year, and his experiences on that trip have been embodied in a lecture, "Across the Continent," which is very highly spoken of by all who have heard it. It is probable that arrangements can be made by which he will deliver his lecture in this place at some time in the near future. Mr. Boyle was a member of the 103d Regt. Pa. Vols. during the late war.

—"It has been the observation of trainmen," said a railroad employe recently, "that when a man has been struck by a locomotive that in nearly every instance his shoes or boots are pulled from his feet. It would seem a difficult matter to draw off the tightly laced shoes of a man. Yet in a hundred cases that have come under my observation, where a man has been struck by a train and killed, his shoes have been found lying on the track. Trainmen have long arguments as to the cause of it. I believe that the only explanation that can be given is that when a locomotive strikes a man with full force, his feet momentarily slide along the ground with such frightful velocity that his shoes are torn from his feet. It is an indication of the terrific force with which a person is struck by a rapidly moving locomotive.

—Mr. Philip McGough, of East Conemaugh, flagman on local freight, was struck by the engine of Mail train, west, on Tuesday evening at Benscreek, and so badly hurt that death ensued about ten o'clock the next morning. He had gone back to flag the Mail train while his train was doing some shifting, and after he was called back started to walk between the tracks. When the engine of the Mail train whistled he, for some unaccountable reason, stepped on the track in front, but realizing his mistake, attempted to get off but was struck before he had cleared the track. His head was was badly cut, his back and breast bruised and his right leg broken near the ankle. He was fifty-one years of age and leaves a wife and six or seven children. He was raised near Summerhill and was a cousin of Mr. Daniel McGough of this place.

—A trunk, supposed to belong to John Krochmar, of Millmville, Wayne county, that was transferred to the Limited Express at Harrisburg on Tuesday exploded in the baggage car while being handled by Henry H. Minnus, the baggage master. Minnus was hurt about the head from being struck by a portion of the lid, but was not dangerously injured. The trunk was broken to pieces and the contents, consisting of clothing and evidently belonging to a miner, scattered all over the car. It is supposed that a lot of burned matches, which were found when gathering up the contents of the trunk, had been ignited by the gentle handling which is customary in baggage cars and that a package of powder took fire and caused the explosion. Whether the practice of "loading" an occasional trunk for the benefit of "baggage smashers" may not prove beneficial to the traveling public is a question that the accident in question will bring before the people.

Obituary.

Byrne—Died at Summit, Sunday, January 17, 1887, of croup, Agatha Flora, little daughter of John and Mary Jane Byrne, aged 6 months and 19 days.

TROXELL—Died at Gallitzin on Tuesday, January 18th, 1886, Mrs. Mary J. Troxell, wife of John J. Troxell, aged about 55 years.

The deceased was born in Allegheny township, and was a daughter of Mr. Francis Gallagher, deceased, a sister of Miss Sue Gallagher, and a step-daughter of Mr. Charles McMannamy, of that township. She, with her husband, had been a resident of Gallitzin for many years, and her memory will long be cherished by a large number of relatives and friends for her generous and cheerful disposition and her many good qualities of mind and heart. She was a good wife, a kind and affectionate mother and a consistent and devoted Christian, and her soul, we hope, has gone to meet its eternal reward. May she rest in peace.

LONG—Died in Cambria township, Cambria county, on January 12, 1887, Mrs. Barbara Long, aged 80 years.

The subject of this notice was born in Baden, Germany on September 5th, 1807. In 1832 with her brother, Charles Schwab and a sister she came to this country and soon afterwards was married to Joseph Long, (now deceased) with whom she lived on their farm, about five miles from Ebensburg, and with him raised a family of three sons and four daughters, all respected and useful citizens. After the death of her husband, which occurred about four years ago, she devoted her time to preparation for the next world and attending to the wants of the needy. On the night of January 11th, 1887, a neighbor called on her requesting her to go to his sick wife, and, old and feeble as she was, she could not refuse but arose on that cold and stormy midnight and went with the man two miles to his house, which she had barely entered when she sank down and expired in a few minutes, thus giving her life in the act of assisting a suffering fellow being. At the time of her death she had sixty-four grand and eight great grand children. She was respected and beloved by all who knew her and is deeply mourned by a large number of relations and friends. May her soul rest in peace.

Weep not for her, for she is now at rest
In regions fair, beyond earth's dismal shore,
Where she will live forever with the blest,
And earthly cares can trouble her no more.

X.

Ashville and the New R. R.

The Cresson, Clearfield County & New York Short Route Railroad is developing a section of country along the eastern part of Cambria county that previously had no easy outlet for its mineral resources, while the lumber trade had to depend upon the uncertain freshets of Clearfield creek to get to market. The railroad runs in a parallel course with Clearfield creek from Cresson, its source—which is also the starting point of the road to Irvona, a distance of twenty-seven miles; at which point the creek swells into a size that makes it a useful auxiliary either for transportation or manufacturing purposes.

After leaving Cresson on this road there are frequent signs of the infusion of new life along the course of the track as you whirl over the evenly graded route, but the first stopping place, as you emerge from the woods, which has the appearance of a deliberately planned and well started town is Ashville, located on the line of Gallitzin and Dean townships, ten miles from Cresson. A casual glance around and your eye meets fifteen or twenty houses, most of them well built and substantial, which have sprung up as with magic during the last year. A couple of old fashioned log houses at the west end of the town, are what the town was one year ago. Ashville's manufacturing industries at present may be summed up as follows: Two saw mills, two shingle mills, a planing mill, shook mill and grist mill. One saw mill, one shingle mill and the grist mill are owned and operated by David Trexler, of Ashville, and the remainder by J. Perry & Son, of Chest Springs.—Paul Ellwanger & Sons have an undertaking and furniture establishment, and, in connection with this, do sign painting. A meat market is run under the firm name of Gallitzin & Wilson, who will furnish, on shortest notice, articles in their line to suit the taste of the customers—toothsome, tender or tough. Any one who wants to take a business trip or go a-sleighing with his girl need but to speak the word, and J. F. Myers will fit him out from his elegant stock of livery with as fine a rig as a prince could desire. John Daugherty is the merry, strong-armed Vulcan of the place, and the ringing clang that resounds from his anvil may be heard from the gray of morn till darkening eve. Dr. J. V. Maucher did look after the physical well-being of those who needed restoratives to bring them back to a normal state, but he has now gone to Carrolltown to take charge of his father's practice.

Hotel accommodations are furnished by D. G. Myers, Patrick Dunn, F. D. Burgoon and Richard Free, each of whom is well prepared to accommodate the traveling public. Mr. Myers, in addition to his hotel business, attends to the transfers and sales or purchase of real estate, and is very familiar with the land, its resources and ownership in that locality.

Richard Free lives upon and is the owner of a lot in the town, upon which is a flowing artesian well constantly sending forth a stream of pure, clear, cool, pleasant-tasted water. This is one of the most interesting natural features of the place and adds considerable value to Mr. Free's property. This water was struck at a depth of forty-one feet last June, and averaged during the driest period we have had since that time a daily flow of 345 gallons per minute or 4,360 gallons per day. During the wet seasons it flows about 6 gallons per minute or 8,640 gallons a day.

The mercantile interests of the place are represented by Samuel Gill, who keeps on hand a stock of dry goods and groceries; F. S. Burgoon, who keeps the same; Thos. Eger, who sells groceries, and Alfred Miller, who, in connection with his pool room, sells confectionery. A large store room, 26x60, which will receive the finishing touches in time to be stocked with goods for the business boom in the spring, has been put up by Frank McLain.

The Ansbury mines, near Ashville, ship two car loads of coal per day. Baker's mines, distant about two miles, employ two hundred men, and three other mines are opened up, doing a country trade, on the land of G. J. Myers and D. & C. Hamilton.—D. G. Myers has just opened up a four-foot vein, and under this are two veins of three and six feet, respectively. Within five miles of the place five different parties are opening up coal veins. There is a four-foot vein of fire clay on land owned by D. G. Myers.

Ashville is now an independent school district and an effort is being made to have it incorporated a borough at the March term of court. It has all the characteristics of a thriving town except a postoffice, in fact. The name was changed from Ashland to Ashville so as not to conflict with the Ashland in Schuylkill county, and A. B. Delozier was appointed postmaster, but as yet satisfactory arrangements have not been made for having the mail carried to and from that point; and so Ashville presents the anomaly of having a depot with a ticket, freight, express and telegraph office and no postoffice. Mail addressed Ashville will reach the residents thereof through the Chest Springs post-office until arrangements are perfected for having it delivered at that point.

On down the railroad and creek, improvements are on wing at short intervals and towns budding; some no doubt doomed to fall short of the fever-heat expectations of citizens while others may exceed the fondest anticipations entertained.

Ten miles below Ashville, the little old village, Fallen Timber, has smoothed out her wrinkles, put an extra curl in her silvered locks, received a new tinge of color on her cheeks and now meets the traveler with a smile as charming as though she were only a gay belle of sixteen. This point is a lumber and bark emporium and there will soon be added to it an extensive coke trade. Six hundred coke ovens are to be put up the coming summer. The ground is selected, measured, marked and the mattock raised, ready to strike the first blow for the foundation of one hundred of them as soon as the weather permits.

Coalport is the metropolis of this railroad—a flourishing, active, substantial town, of whose future there can be no doubt.

Irvona, the terminus of the road, it was thought at one time might rival and perhaps, like some of the human species, steal the laurels from her older sister; but, with all Irvona's coquetry and success, her conquests have never dimmed Coalport's lustre. The latter is bound to hold all she has and continue to increase her attractions as age adds stability, wisdom and beauty to her vivacity.

The inevitable conclusion, from a cursory review of the resources of the country contiguous to the Cresson, Clearfield County New York Short Route Railroad, is that the line was wisely designed, opportunely built and will be a source of well deserved revenue to its management as well as untold benefits to the community thorough which it passes. There are eleven saw mill located in close proximity to the road, while including all the mills accessible to it there are some thirty or forty. The opening of spring will be the signal for a general revival of the coal and coke interests along the line.

A word of commendation for the officers and employes of the road would be a fitting conclusion of this article, were it possible to do them full justice by words. The traveler will find them good natured, civil and obliging, in harmony with the nature of the genial and courteous Vice President of the road, Mr. J. H. Boyts.

JURY LIST.

The jury-wheel for the year was filled last week by the Commissioners and Judge Johnston, whereupon names were drawn for the special term of court in February and the regular term in March. For the special term there were drawn the names of the following:

TRAVERSE JURORS.

Binder Edward L., innkeeper, Carroll.
Blouch John S., farmer, Richland.
Bracken John M., farmer, Blacklick.
Carl Andrew, farmer, Clearfield.
Clark John M., innkeeper, Washington.
Custer William, farmer, Adams.
Darby James, laborer, Conemaugh borough.
Doran Arthur, laborer, Prospect.
Pearl Nelson, blacksmith, Richland.
Fees John E., innkeeper, Cambria borough.
Gilman Jacob J., farmer, Richland.
Green James, merchant, Conemaugh borough.
Gray William, farmer, Carroll.
Hagan John, foundryman, Johnstown.
Hess John L., farmer, Wilmore.
Hildebrand Geo. W., laborer, Conemaugh bor.
Horner J. C., miner, Croyle.
Howard Henry, laborer, Lower Yoder.
Huter Thomas, farmer, Cambria township.
Jones James, farmer, Summerhill township.
Jones D. M., grocer, Conemaugh borough.
King Barney, huckster, Johnstown.
Koontz, Chauncey, bricklayer, Johnstown.
Leary M. L., saddler, Chest Springs.
Linton William, innkeeper, Washington.
Morgan John M., foreman, Conemaugh bor.
Morgan Job, merchant, Johnstown.
Morris Thomas, farmer, Clearfield.
McConnell Thomas, foreman, Woodvale.
McDade Henry, teamster, Tunnelhill.
McGough James E., farmer, Clearfield
Ott Daniel, contractor, Johnstown.
Oldham Wm. F., laborer, Coopersdale.
Orris Henry, farmer, Adams.
Pritch Philip, mason, Washington.
Reamer Peter R., laborer, Johnstown.
Rorabaugh David, farmer, Croyle.
Rutledge Richard, foreman, Johnstown.
Schnabel Henry J., laborer, Lower Yoder.
Schrift Peter, carpenter, Croyle.
Slick Harry, agent, Johnstown.
Stull Jacob R., farmer, Adams.
Sweitzer Jacob, painter, Coopersdale.
Thomas David H., laborer, Millville.
Williams Morgan, foreman, Coopersdale.
Wilson Alex., conductor, Lower Yoder.
Yeager George R., farmer, Elder.

GRAND JURORS—MARCH TERM.

Baumer Lewis, merchant, Conemaugh bor.
Brown David, farmer, Jackson.
Buck A. W., banker, Ebensburg.
Creery J. O., dentist, Carrolltown.
Eberly Augustin, farmer, Munster.
Glass John H., farmer, Reade.
Gull Alex. M., blacksmith, Johnstown.
Hatch H. E., mill hand, Johnstown.
Hoagland Daniel, miner, Johnstown.
Kirkpatrick H. C., farmer, Carroll.
Kirby John J., laborer, Conemaugh borough.
Manervat Albert, bar-tender, Conemaugh bor.
Miller Porter R., saw, Johnstown.
McMillen W. H., agent, Conemaugh borough.
Moore W. H., clerk, Johnstown.
Ritter Joseph, laborer, Croyle.
Shaffer George, farmer, East Taylor.
Sharp George J., farmer, Munster.
Strayer Peter, farmer, Carroll.
Tester John, farmer, West Taylor.
Thomas Jacob, limeburner, Elder.
Weakland Lawrence, farmer, Susquehanna.
Wenz Jacob, jr., farmer, Summerhill twp.
Wolf John C., storekeeper, Portage township.

TRAVERSE JURORS—FIRST WEEK.

Apple Theodore M., farmer, Reade.
Angus Jacob, farmer, East Taylor.
Border John, sawyer, Portage township.
Bowman Jacob, laborer, Cambria borough.
Brady Harry, laborer, Lilly.
Byers Benjamin, miner, Croyle.
Clark Patrick, roller, Cambria borough.
Conrad Jacob, farmer, Portage township.
Custer Samuel J., barber, Millville.
Davis Chauncey, farmer, Upper Yoder.
Davis John, lumberman, Johnstown.
Edwards John S., farmer, Blacklick.
Evans Oliver, farmer, Chanceford.
Fensbaugh Ferguson, farmer, Adams.
Fritz John H., innkeeper, East Conemaugh.
Frost Daniel, laborer, Stonycreek.
Gill Charles J., farmer, Chest.
Glass Jacob, farmer, Reade.
Gray William G., laborer, Reade.
Grubb W. K., policeman, Grubbtown.
Hamilton James, laborer, Johnstown.
Hoke Joseph, farmer, Susquehanna.
Hopple Henry, farmer, Barr.
Jones John A., machinist, Johnstown.
Koch Simon, farmer, Barr.
Knorr William, tanner Cambria township.
Lettinger Robert, clerk, Johnstown.
Leighty William, sagetaker, Ebensburg.
McConnell A. J., laborer, Allegheny.
McGough Jesse, innkeeper, Portage township.
McKinney John A., coal miner, Johnstown.
Myers Jacob, farmer, Cambria twp.
Nagle Thomas, farmer, Clearfield.
Parsons Robert, tailor, Johnstown.
Parish Thomas, farmer, Allegheny.
Patterson S. D., farmer, Barr.
Rager Isaac, laborer, Lower Yoder.
Rager Thomas, laborer, Lower Yoder.
St. Clair Washington, farmer, Lower Yoder.
Stewart John, cabinet maker, Washington.
Stremel William, merchant, Millville.
Sechrist Benj. Park, jr., Upper Yoder.
Swope Henry, farmer, Chest township.
Urban Joseph, carpenter, Gallitzin borough.
Vogel George, jr., farmer, Jackson.
Warner Daniel, farmer, Chest twp.
Weakland John N., farmer, Susquehanna.
Wilson W. C., engineer, Lower Yoder.

SECOND WEEK.

Bantley Herman, merchant, Johnstown.
Bantley Christ., farmer, Richland.
Brant George, innkeeper, Lilly's.
Brubaker John, laborer, Gallitzin twp.
Buxton George L., laborer, Conemaugh bor.
Campbell John, farmer, Chest township.
Cole William, farmer, Richland.
Cooper James, farmer, Allegheny.
Custer Daniel, engineer, East Conemaugh.
Davis Thomas G., farmer, Cambria twp.
Dye's Elmer, baker, Johnstown.
Davis Thomas R., farmer, Carroll twp.
Devlin Theo., laborer, East Conemaugh.
Dillon John, farmer, Susquehanna.
Detrich John, farmer, Carroll.
Dommire Amos, laborer, Franklin.
Eager John, grocer, Washington.
Emrigh Harvey, laborer, East Conemaugh.
Farren Michael, laborer, Cambria twp.
Gardner John, laborer, Grubbtown.
Gates David, farmer, Lower Yoder.
Gates Jacob, farmer, White.
Good William, laborer, East Conemaugh.
Grove Jordan, miner, Croyle.
Hines John A., farmer, Richland.
Hinckman R. F., blacksmith, Woodvale.
Jones Thomas M., carpenter, Ebensburg.
Jones Lewis, hostler, Johnstown.
Kelly Martin F., clerk, Gallitzin.
Kaufman Joshua, laborer, Croyle.
Leffler Charles, grocer, Johnstown.
Noel John J., farmer, Munster.
O'Toole Austin, laborer, Prospect.
Ream S. C., grocer, Stonycreek.
Rees John E., laborer, Cambria.
Ripple Jacob S., laborer, Lower Yoder.
Ripplet Joshua, farmer, Portage twp.
Rosenhamer, Martin, farmer, Cambria.
Reynolds Sylvester, farmer, Adams.
Rutledge Irvin, Justice of Peace, Johnstown.
Shaffer Henry R., farmer, Conemaugh.
Shaffer S. P., bartender, Johnstown.
Sherry George, Sr., farmer, Barr.
Shiffhauer John, innkeeper, Johnstown.
Swank Geo. T., editor, Johnstown.
Thomas Robert R., lumberman, Johnstown.
Warner Anthony, tinner, Croyle.
Young W. H., foreman, Johnstown.

Most Excellent.

J. J. Atkins, Chief of Police, Knoxville, Tenn., writes: "My family and I are beneficiaries of your most excellent medicines Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption; having found it to be all that you claim for it, desire to testify to its virtue. My friend, to whom I have recommended it, praise it at every opportunity." Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption is guaranteed to cure Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup and every affection of Throat, Lungs and Chest. Trial bottles free at E. James Drug Store.—Large bottles $1.00.

Scarlet Fever.

Darby's Prophylactic Fluid is unequalled in the treatment of Scarlet Fever. Used as a gargle it prevents the throat from becoming diptheretic, allays inflammation, and subdues the pain. Used to sponge the body it allays the itching inflammation of the skin and destroys infection.

Exposed in the sick-room it will prevent the spread of contagion, and keep the atmosphere wholesome.

Mexican Pension Bill.

The Mexican pension bill which passed the House on Monday and now only awaits the signature of the President to become a law provides that a pension of $8 a month shall be paid to all surviving officers and enlisted men, including marines, militia and volunteers, of the military and naval service of the United States who, being duly enlisted, actually served sixty days with the army or navy of the United States in Mexico, or on the coasts or frontier thereof, or en route thereto, in the war with that nation, or were actually engaged in a battle in said war, and were honorably discharged, and to such other officers and soldiers and sailors, as may have been personally named in any resolution of Congress for any specific service in said war, and the surviving widow of such officers and enlisted men; provided, that such widows have not remarried; provided, that every such officer, enlisted man, or widow who is or may become sixty-two years of age, or who is, or may become subject to any disability or dependency equivalent to some cause prescribed or recognized by the pension laws of the United States as a sufficient reason for the allowance of a pension, shall be entitled to the benefits of this act; but it shall not be held to include any person not within the rule of age or disability or dependency herein defined, or who incurred such disability while in any manner voluntarily engaged in or aiding or abetting the late rebellion against the authority of the United States.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, January 21st 1887.

Philip Deass, Gallitzin and Abbie C. O'Donnell, Munster township.

John F. Repp, Johnstown and Alice E. McMullen, Loretto.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.
Estate of Peter Dunn, deceased.
Letters testamentary on the estate of Peter Dunn, dec'd, having been regularly issued to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said decedent will make immediate payment to them, and all persons having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement.
R. DEVEREAUX, Summit,
JOHN B. EGER, Washington Twp.
Washington Twp., Jan. 21, '87-6t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of Patrick B. Smith, deceased.
Letters of administration *cum testamento annexo* having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to
JOHN F. SMITH, Adm'r C. T. A.,
Munster Twp., Jan. 21, 1887-6t.

RUPTURE Cure guaranteed by Dr. J. H. Mayer, 631 Arch St., Phila., Pa. Ease at once. No operation or business. Hundreds of cures. At Keystone House, Reading, Pa., 2d Saturday of each month. Send for circulars. Advice free. Jan. 14, '87, 1 yr.

THE PLUMED KNIGHT. For $1.00 we will send, post paid, 50 Extra Fine Cigars of the above brand. SCHWARTZ & KLINE, Robesonia, Pa. Jan. 14, '87.

INTENDING ADVERTISERS should address
GEORGE P. ROWELL & CO.,
10 Spruce Street, New York City
For SELECT LIST of 1,000 NEWSPAPERS
Will be sent free on application. Jan. 14, '87.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.
The undersigned having been appointed auditor to hear and decide upon the exceptions filed to the account of Jacob Weaver, dec'd, and report distribution of the fund in the hands of said deceased, hereby gives notice that he will sit for the purpose of attending to the duties of his appointment at his office in Ebensburg, Pa., on Monday, Feb. 14., 1887, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, when and where all persons having claims on the said fund must present them or they will be debarred from coming in on the same.
A. V. BARKER,
Auditor.
Ebensburg, Jan. 14, 1887-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.
The undersigned auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court to ascertain and liquidate the liens against the estate of Thomas Bracken, dec'd, and other parties interested, and distribute the fund in hands of John W. Bracken trustee to sell the real estate of said decedent, as shown by his account, hereby gives notice that he will sit at his office in the borough of Ebensburg, Pa., on Friday, February 11, 1887, at ten o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of attending to the duties of said appointment, at which time said place all parties interested shall attend, or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.
ALVIN EVANS,
Auditor.
Ebensburg, Pa., Jan. 8, 1887.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.
Having been appointed an Auditor to distribute the funds in the hands of Samuel Clark, Executor of Sarah Hannah Brown, deceased, as shown by his first and final account, notice is hereby given that I will sit at my office in Ebensburg on Tuesday, the twenty-fifth day of January, 1887, at ten o'clock, A. M., to attend to the duties of said appointment, at which time and place all claims on said fund must be presented or be forever debarred from coming in for a share of the fund.
M. D. KITTELL,
Auditor.
Ebensburg, Pa., Jan. 7, 1887-3t.

TO ADVERTISERS!
For a check for $20 we will print a ten-line advertisement in One Million issues of Leading American Newspapers. This is at the rate of only one-fifth of a cent a line, for 1,000 Circulation. The advertisement will be placed before One Million *different* newspaper purchasers—or FIVE MILLION READERS. Ten lines will accomodate about 75 words. Address with copy of Adv. and check, or send 30 for book of 150 pages. GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 10 SPRUCE ST., NEW YORK. Dec. 10, 1886.

FOR RENT.—The undersigned offers the following desirable property for rent: An elegant store-room 20x40 feet, elegant glass window, suitable for hardware store or any other store and there is a tinshop and tool-sin same building. There is a good garden and lot attached, 2 and rooms in the building suitable for dwelling. A splendid opportunity for one wanting to start a hardware and tining establishment the trade is already established as I have been carrying on the business for years. The above property is situated in Carrolltown, Cambria County, Pa.

Also, several lots of ground in a good state of cultivation situated in Carroll township, convenient to the Borough. Possession given April 1st, 1887. Call on or address,
ANDREW H HAUG,
Dec. 24, '86. Carrolltown Cambria Co., Pa.

A RARE CHANCE
To get a First-Class Illustrated Magazine, with a Premium to every subscriber. This offer is made by the Publisher of

LEISURE HOURS
Best and Cheapest Home and Fashion Magazine published.
—$1.50 per year in advance.—
Contains each month, Fashion and Fancy work Plates, Fashion Notes, Original Illustrated Articles, Stories, Poems, &c., Society Notes, Hints for Farm, Garden and Household. Send stamp for circular giving list of

—PREMIUMS—
G. H. HOBART, Publisher.
P. O. Box 1877. 292 Broadway, N. Y.

CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED
Toledo Grades Unrivalled. Write for quotations and information, mailed free.
S. W. FLOWER & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

DONALD E. DUNLAP, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Penn'a. Office in Armory Building.

FOR SALE—STEAM ENGINES, CLAY & SON One Pair, Boiler and Sheet-Iron Work.—Second-hand engines and boilers on hand. Hoisting engines and machinery a specialty.—THOMAS CARLIN, Allegheny, Pa. (Jan. 22,-1y.)

STRAYED away from the subscribers residing at Gallitzin, Pa., about two months ago one red and white spotted two-year-old steer with left horn bent down and one red and white two-year-old heifer. Any information of their whereabouts will be thankfully received by the undersigned.
ANSTEAD & DASHNER.
Gallitzin, Pa., Dec 17, 1886, 3-t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Letters of administration on the estate of Peter Maloy, Sr., late of Barr township, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment without delay, and all those having claims against the same will present them, properly authenticated for settlement to
MICHAEL DOWNY,
Adm'r of Peter Maloy, dec'd.
Barr twp., Dec. 17th 1886.-6t.

AGENTS WANTED.
Remunerative employment offered energetic and reliable men. *Address,*
Security Mutual Benefit Society,
233 Broadway, New York.
Nov. 26, '86-3 m.

WANTED.—Local and General Agents in each town and city of the Union on Salary or Commission, to solicit orders from business men and for our elegant, new style, nickle plated and low priced door plates. Our Salesmen make $5 to $10 a day. We will furnish case with two Sample Plates, to any person with reliable references. Circulars, Testimonials, References, &c, sent on application.
Mich. Door Plate Co.,
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Nov. 11, 1886.

STRAY SHEEP.—Came to the residence of the subscriber in Blacklick township on or about the 1st of September last, four sheep. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take them away otherwise they will be disposed of according to law.
THOMAS L. EDWARDS.
Dec. 3, 1886.

The American Detective Bureau,
Main Offices, 94 and 98 Diamond St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Established 1883 by David H. Gilkinson, ex-U. S. Gov't Detective. Organized and conducted on the system of the United States Secret Service. Confidential Agents in all the Principal Cities of the United States and Canada.
D. H. Gilkinson, Principal and Gen. Supt.
Heber McDowell, Superintendent.
Hon. John Dalzell, Attorney for the Bureau.
References: James J. Brooks, Chief Secret Service Division, Washington, D. C. Send for Circular.

STRAYS.—Came to the premises of the subscriber, in Chest township, on or about October 6, 1886, a white steer, two years old, with a notch cut in his left ear. Also, at the same time, a red and white spotted heifer, two years old, no marks visible. The owners are requested to come forward and prove property, pay charges and take them away, otherwise they will be disposed of according to law.
CHAS. RHODY.

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Oatmeal as Food.

Says an Irish paper, oatmeal is a food of great strength and nutrition, having claims to be better known and more widely used than it is at present. Of much service as brain food, it contains phosphorus enough to keep a man doing an ordinary amount of brain work in health and vigor. All medical authorities unite in the opinion that, having all requisites for the development of the system, it is pre-eminently useful food for growing children and the young generally. Oatmeal requires much cooking to effectually burst its starch, but when it is well cooked it will thicken liquid much more than equal weight of wheat flour. The oats of this country are superior to those grown on the continent and the southern part of England, but certainly inferior to the Scotch, where considerable pains are taken to cultivate them, and it is needless to point out that the Scotch are an example of a thoroughly robust people, which result is justly set down as being derived from a plentiful use of oatmeal. Dr. Guthrie has asserted that his countrymen have the largest heads of any nation in the world—not even the English having such large heads—which he attributes to the universal use of oatmeal, as unlike Pennsylvani is, being found alike upon the tables of the rich and the tables of the poor—in the morning the porridge, in the evening the traditional cake.

The two principal ways of cooking oatmeal are porridge and cake, bannock, which I will describe, and also some other modes of cooking, in order to give an agreeable variety of dishes.

First, then, we will commence with a recipe for porridge: To three pints of boiling water add a level teaspoonful of salt and a pint of meal, stirring while it is slowly being poured in; continue the stirring until the meal is diffused thro' the water—about eight or ten minutes. Cover it closely then, and place it where it will simmer for an hour; avoid stirring during the whole time. Serve hot, with as little messing as possible, accompanied with milk, maple syrup, sugar or cream.

To make oatmeal cake, place a quart of meal in a bowl, add to it as much cold water as will form it into a soft, light dough; cover with a cloth fifteen minutes to allow it to swell, then dust the pastry board with meal, turn out the dough and give a vigorous kneading.—Cover it with the cloth a few minutes, and proceed at once to roll it out to an eighth of an inch in thickness; cut it in five pieces and partly cook them on a griddle, then finish them by toasting in front of the fire.

Girls as Housekeepers.

As girls pass into their teens, some most sensible mothers give each daughter the full care of the housekeeping for a week at a time, of course guided by their mother's supervision and judgment as to the marketing and expenditure.—This is an excellent arrangement, and one of the most important items in their education. There is no greater mistake than feeling that domestic labor, when necessary, or the knowledge of it in all positions, must be incompatible with the highest degree of mental culture or refinement. No women stand so high in position or elegant accomplishments as those who honor themselves and their husbands by a thorough knowledge and oversight of all domestic duties.

No one can hope to hire those who will bring the best taste, the nicest attention to order, neatness and economy in little things, into the kitchen, together with a correct knowledge of preparing the simplest meal in a beautiful and attractive manner; and yet all these united have a wonderful power toward making home life happy and prosperous. And the absence of these charms—careless housekeeping, an untidy and unattractive home and poor cooking—have driven many a husband to seek comfort and happiness elsewhere.

Those things which constitute the true charm of a home cannot be bought or secured by the labor of hirelings. It is only the mistress of the house—the wife and mother—through her love and union of interest with her husband and children, who, guided by her affection, will labor to bring that charm about her household which springs from systematic labor, scrupulous neatness and economy, a finely-appointed table, with food daintily prepared and served with exquisite neatness and taste. No lady of the highest talent or accomplishments need feel that she demeans herself by giving her most earnest attention to the beauty and comfort of her home and the careful ordering of everything connected with the kitchen department. Low down as foolish ideas of gentility have been accustomed to place that department, it has much more to do with the comfort or discomfort, the peace and happiness, or the discord and evil temper, of the whole family than can be gained from elegant or fashionable parties, and all that etiquette demands in fashionable life. No girl, whether from the lowest or the highest position, is fit to become a wife—a mistress of a house—who has not been carefully educated in all the accomplishments and minute details of the kitchen.

Scientific Farming Pays.

Farmers are gradually awakening to the fact that scientific farming under practical control pays, and that in the near future extensive farming will be the only kind that will stand the money test. The richest soils under crude culture and poor management fail to produce as profitable returns as do worn out soils cultivated by improved methods. In substantiation of this statement is the fact that the average of the last five harvests in the West was twenty-nine and a fraction bushels of cereals per acre, while the New England states, with good culture and liberal application of fertilizers, yielded thirty and a fraction bushels per acre. The work of progressive men like Farish Furman, who increased the yield on sixty-four acres of scrub land from eight to one hundred bales of cotton by extra culture and generous manuring, is doing the whole country a service. But he is not alone in the good work. In all sections of the country progressive farmers are increasing, along with experiment stations and farms, and the result is a gradual increase of product per acre, with the margin of profit widened and the general condition of farms improved.

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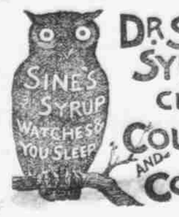

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Her Husband on Election Day and Night.

Know Bowser? He's my husband. Doesn't know enough to come in when it rains. If he did he'd stay out and get soaking wet just to oblige his political party. Bowser is passably domestic and intelligent except at election time. About a week before election time he begins to act up. He saddles the party on his back and begins to grow thin and pale and nervous. His mind is filled with majorities, splits, straights, slips, canards and candidates.

I give him Hail Columbia—I have even kept him awake all night talking to him—but it does little or no good. The old crank is figuring out a net gain of 128 in the Fourth precinct of the Sixth ward all the time I'm talking, and when forced by exhaustion to stop for a few moments he looks at me with glistening eyes, reaches out his paw and yells:

"Whop! shake! I tell you we've got 'em!" The closer it gets to election day the more of an idiot he becomes. Strange men come to the house, and he takes them out into the dwelling for a whispered conversation, during which time they nod and gesture and chuckle and shake paws. He is called out of bed to stand on the front steps and mutter and mumble with strangers, who may be midnight assassins for all I know. I wish they were. I wish they'd hit him with a sand bag and render him unconscious until after election. He slips out nights without asking my advice or consent, and along towards midnight, after I had got the whole police force looking for him, he comes sneaking in and confidentially whispers: "Say, Hanner, it's all fixed up to run Bilker in the Seventh ward, and his election's assured. We'll have a grand victory all along the line!"

"You old idiot! What do I care about Bilker or your grand victory?" I yell at him.

"Sh! Don't talk so loud or the opposition party will get on to our racket."

And the way he and the rest of 'em write communications to the newspapers signed "Pro Bono Publico," "Veritas," "Workingman" and "Taxpayer" is perfectly awful. I've known Bowser to sit down and write a whole yard of stuff, claiming to know exactly what ailed the country, and furnishing a political panacea for it, sign it "Truth," and send it off to appear next morning in print and scare half the country to death. Bowser know what ails the country? Why, he don't know a wart from a stone-bruise!

It is on election day that his vivid foolishness glares like an electric light. He gets up half an hour earlier, gulps down a hasty breakfast and rushes off to peddle tickets and challenge votes, and see to bringing out the full vote. He doesn't go, though, before I have said to him: "Bowser, you are a flat-footed idiot! You turn with a crank! You ought to be turned out with the kangaroos! You——"

"We'll make the majority 2,600 all around and bury the opposition out of sight!" he exclaims, looking in such an awful way that I feel shivers running up and down my back.

At noon I hear that he has bet our house and lot on his favorite candidate. At three o'clock that he has been pounded into jelly. At six that he has also bet our horse, cow, the baby and the cook-stove on majorities. At nine that he has offered to bet me against a $15 overcoat. At ten that he has gone to political headquarters to stay a week, and that when someone asked for my health he replied: "Furs' rate—tuff's ole thinoceros an' twice's ugly!" "Ra fur Zheneral Zhackson!"

At midnight I kick his Sunday plug hat across the floor, fling his slippers out doors and smash his pipe and go to bed. I'll settle with Mr. Bowser when he comes home, and if blood is then spilt law must hold me blameless. At noon next day he comes home in a hack, hat smashed, pockets inside out, coat tails torn off and a $50 suit of clothes completely gone. His hat is on the back of his head, his eyes bloodshot, and beer stains all over his vest. I arm myself to slaughter him, but he begins to cry and protest: "Shay, Hanner, go light on 'er feller! Hull ticket got cleaned out by 3,000 majority, an' I've come home ter die!"

—"Excuse the liberty I take," said the escaping convict.

—There's no disputing the fact, the judge has his share of trials.

—A physician says "if a child does not thrive on fresh milk, boil it." That is too severe. Why not spank it?

—"Ah, what would life be without the nobility?" musingly said an English lady. Peerless, madam!

—Some one is said to have invented a substance that can be seen through more clearly than glass. We don't know what it can be unless it is a man's excuse to his wife for not returning home before 2 a. m.

—"Oconomowoc!" yelled the brakeman. "O'Connor may walk, may he?" exclaimed an Irishman at the other end of the car. "An' faith, if yez mane me, you'll have a foine time makin' O'Conner walk when he's paid foive dollars for this bit o' pasteboard.

—"Gittin' pay for that?" he asked as he came along to where a man was shoveling snow.

"Not a red."

"Then you're a fool!"

"Yes, I know it, but as I own the house and lot I don't see how I'm going to get around it."

—Barber—"Sir, you are getting bald rapidly. I have a most excellent remedy." Old Gentleman—"Never mind, I'm just yearning to be bald." "Eh? Why, that's a remarkable desire."—"No it isn't. I've got a terrible wicked son, and I'm determined that he shan't 'bring my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave.'"

—Women are always kind to each other. Recently Mrs. S. was talking to Mrs. K. about a certain belle of four seasons. "Ah," said Mrs. S., "I hear Miss Black is still unmarried." "Yes, and getting older every year, said Mrs. K. very kindly. "I haven't seen her for a long time; does she show her age?"—"Not if she can help it," and then they laughed and reached out for another victim.

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has heretofore been made in the treatment of rheumatism, neuralgia, and nervous or sick headache. This is evidenced by the failure on the part of thousands of sufferers to find relief, even though they have exhausted the skill of various physicians and tried numerous so-called remedies. To such Athlophoros is offered as a safe, sure, and quick cure. Its success has been phenomenal, and yet it is not surprising because it will do all that is claimed for it. The Athlophoros Co. will gladly refer any who desire to make an investigation to reliable parties who have been cured by it.
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Enclosed find postal note for one-half dozen bottles of your Athlophoros. It is wonderful how it cures every case where I can persuade them to try. The sales are increasing. My sister-in-law was given up to die by the doctors; they sent for me; I took a bottle of Athlophoros and persuaded her to try it, the second dose gave relief. She had not lain in bed for two weeks; the next night she went to bed and slept all night; the next week she was up and at work around the house. Many thanks.
MRS. JNO. D. NUTTING.
It is owing to Athlophoros that I am alive. I have suffered with inflammatory rheumatism for years, most of the time being perfectly helpless. But one bottle of Athlophoros has cured me. There is nothing like it for the speedy relief and permanent cure of rheumatism, so I recommend it to all, knowing it will accomplish what it claims to do. MRS. E. VICKERS,
46 Pleasant St., Waterbury, Conn.
F. C. Hazard, Upper Lisle, N. Y., says: "I had neuralgia in the head and neck, and Athlophoros cured them."
Every druggist should keep Athlophoros and Athlophoros Pills, but where they cannot be bought of the druggist the Athlophoros Co., 112 Wall St., New York, will send either carriage paid on receipt of regular price, which is $1.00 per bottle for Athlophoros and 50c. for Pills.
For Inner and Kidney Nerves, dyspepsia, indigestion, sweetness, sore and debility, diseases of women, constipation, headache, impure blood, &c., Athlophoros Pills are unequaled.

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Are you reckless enough to venture? If so send two cents in stamps to the Mme. Delsarte Co., 568 and 570 Washington Street, New York, for one of their beautiful illustrated "Ladies' Books." It is a novel, unique, and interesting work to every person of refinement.
On receipt of ten cents in stamps they will send postpaid a full set of their famous household panic Verbs.
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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

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In the South.

I have recently taken a railway trip into the South in search of my health. I called my physicians together and they decided by a rising vote that I ought to go to a warmer climate, or I would enjoy very poor health all winter. So I decided to go in search of my health, if I died on the trail.

I bought tickets at Cincinnati of a pale, sallow liar, who is just beginning to work his way up to the forty-ninth degree in the Order of Annanias. He will surely be heard from again some day, as he has the elements that go to make up a successful liar.

He said that I could go through from Cincinnati to Asheville, N. C., only one easy change of cars, and in about twenty-three hours. It took me twice that, and I had to change cars three times in in the dead of night.

The Southern railroad is not in a flourishing condition. It ought to go somewhere for its health. Anyway, it ought to go somewhere, which at present it does not. According to the old Latin proverb, I presume we should say nothing but good of the dead, but I am here to say that the railroad that knocked my spine loose last week and compelled me to carry lunch baskets and large Norman two-year-old gripsacks from the gloamsng till my arms hung down to the ground, does not deserve to be treated well, even after death.

I do not feel any antipathy toward the South, for I did not take any part in the war, remaining in Canada the whole time, so that I could not be accused of offensive partisanship. I have always avoided anything that would look like a settled conviction in these matters, retaining always a fair, unpartisan and neutral idiocy in relation to all national affairs, so that I might be regarded as a good civil service reformer, and perhaps at some time hold an office.

To further illustrate how fair-minded I am in these matters, I have patiently read all the war articles written by both sides, and I have not tried to dodge the foot notes or the marginal references or the war maps or the memoranda. I have read all these things until I don't know who was victorious, and if that is not a fair and impartial way to look at the war, I don't know how to proceed in order to eradicate my prejudices.

But a railroad is not a political or sectional matter, and it ought not to be a local matter, unless the train stays at one end of the line all the time. This road, however, is the one that discharged its engineer some years ago, and when he took his time check he said he would now go to work for a sure-enough road with real iron rails to it, instead of two streaks of rust and a right of way.

All night long, except when we were changing cars, we rattled along over wobbling trestles and third mortgages. The cars were graded from third class down. The road itself was not graded at all.

They have the same old air in these coaches that they started out with.—Different people, with various styles of breath, have used this air and then returned it. They are using the same air that they did before the war. It is not, strictly speaking, a national air. It is more of a langoid air, with dark circles around the eyes.

At one place where I had an engagement to change cars, we had a wait of four hours, and I reclined on a hair-cloth lounge at the hotel with the intention of sleeping part of the time.

Dear, patient reader, did you ever try to ride a refractory hair-cloth lounge all night, bare back? Did you ever get aboard a short, old-fashioned hair-cloth lounge, with a disposition to buck?

I was told that this was a kind of family lounge, that would not shy or make trouble anywhere, and I had only closed my dark-red and mournful eyes in sleep when this lounge gently humped itself, and shed me as it would its smooth, dark hair in the spring, tra la.

The floor caught me in its great strong arms and I vaulted back upon the polished bosom of the hair-cloth lounge. It was made for a man about fifty-three inches in length, and so I had to sleep with my feet in my pistol pockets and my nose in my bosom up to the second joint.

I got so that I could rise off the floor and climb on the lounge without waking up. It got to be second nature to me. I did it just as a man who is hungry in his sleep bites off large fragments of the air and eats it involuntarily and smacks his lips and snorts. So I arose and deposited myself again and again on that old sway-buck but frolicsome wreck without waking. But I couldn't get aboard softly enough to avoid waking the lounge. It would yawn and rumble inside and rise and fall like the deep rolling sea, till at last I gave up trying to sleep on it again, and curled up on the floor.

The hair-cloth lounge in various conditions of decrepitude may be found all through this region. Its true inwardness is composed of spiral springs which have gnawed through the cloth in many instances. These springs have lost none of their elasticity of spirits, and cordially corkscrew themselves into the affections of a man who sits down on them. If anything could make me thoroughly attached to the South it would be one of these spiral springs bored into my person about a foot. But that is the only way to remain on a hair-cloth chair or sofa. No man ever successfully sat on one of them for any length of time unless he had a strong pair of pantaloons and a spiral spring twisted into him for some distance.

At the private house the hair-cloth sofa, with a pair of dark, reserved chairs, may be found in a domesticated state, waiting for some one to come and fall off them. In hotels they go in larger flocks, and graze together in the parlor. They are greatly in favor among the more blue-blooded mass here—the blue mass, as it were.—*Bill Nye in Boston Globe.*

—Within two years eight men who have passed away included two Presidents of the United States, two Vice-Presidents, three candidates for the White House and one candidate for Vice-President. They are Grant and Arthur; Hendricks and Colfax; Tilden, Hancock and McClellan; and John A. Logan.

WHAT IS DYSPEPSIA?
Among the many symptoms of Dyspepsia or indigestion the most prominent are: Variable appetite; faint, gnawing feeling at pit of the stomach, with unsatisfied craving for food; heartburn, feeling of weight and wind in the stomach, bad breath, bad taste in the mouth, low spirits, general prostration, headache, and constipation. There is no form of disease more prevalent than Dyspepsia, and none so peculiar to the high-living and rapid-eating American people. Alcohol and tobacco produce Dyspepsia; also, bad air, rapid eating, etc. BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS will cure the worst case, by regulating the bowels and toning up the digestive organs. Sold everywhere.

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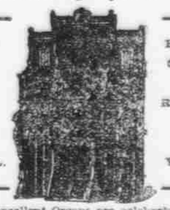

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